The Outlook

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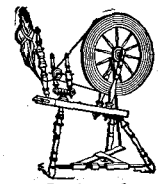
At "The Linen Store."



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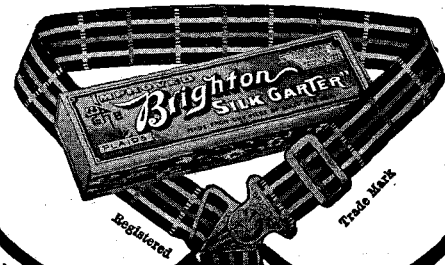

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1905

The Jefferson Birthday Celebrations

In Chicago and New York on Thursday of last week prominent Democrats gathered to celebrate the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. Upon apparently but one point were they all agreed—that they desired to be known as Jeffersonians. At Chicago Jefferson was held up as the defender of the people against all forms of oppression; and consequently in his life and writings was found sanction for government ownership of public utilities. At New York Jefferson was praised as an opponent of governmental interference with individual rights; and consequently in his life and writings was found sanction for resistance to what Judge Parker termed "the concentration of power in the Federal Government." Naturally, Mr. Bryan's speech at Chicago has received greater attention than any other address made that day. Jefferson's advocacy of international arbitration he cited as a precedent for the practice of arbitrating disputes between labor and capital; Jefferson's abhorrence "of every attempt to divert the profits of industry from the producers to the 'idle holders of idle capital'" he cited as precedent for governmental regulation of railroads; Jefferson's disinclination to indorse a granting of patents to inventors he cited as a precedent for refusing permanent franchises to private corporations. At the same dinner Mayor Dunne, whose advocacy of municipal ownership of street railways won him the mayoralty of Chicago, interpreted Jefferson's principles in like manner. At New York, on the other hand, Jefferson was exalted as the patron of individualists. Judge Parker used the occasion to explain the necessary existence of trusts, and to advocate the treatment of them under the law in the same manner that the Government uses in dealing with individuals. Mayor McClellan was hardly so explicit in his interpretation of Jefferson. His principal argument was directed against a policy of opportunism; he urged that Democratic conventions should "nominate men, not from motives of expediency in the hope of success, but from love of principle, even with the certainty of defeat," and he closed with an appeal to the party to return "to the God of our fathers, and to the teaching of Thomas Jefferson," leaving it to his hearers to explain what this meant. Judge Herrick, who was defeated last fall as a candidate for the Governorship of New York State, complained that "the Government was being asked to do everything for everybody," and, under the banner of Jefferson, called upon the party to oppose everything that "looks like paternalism." Of all the eminent Democrats who spoke on that day, but one refused to assume the title "Jeffersonian." This was District Attorney Jerome, who, in an address at Syracuse, New York, frankly repeated his views that Jefferson was a "fakir," because he "pretended to be a democrat, when in reality he did not believe in the people." Like the Bible, the writings of Thomas Jefferson seem to be broad enough to be the source of every kind of doctrine. To us it seems clear that the individualists are right in claiming Jefferson as legitimately their political ancestor; but when those who are furthering the principles of a social rather than individualistic democracy declare that they are simply taking the position that Jefferson would take were he alive to-day, their argument is impossible of refutation. At any rate, tributes from such widely varied sources make one thing clear—that Thomas Jefferson was a man whose greatness has not yet been limited or adequately defined by any faction or even by any party.

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The Inauguration at the University of Virginia

With ceremonies of academic simplicity and dignity, Edwin Anderson Alderman, D.C.L., LL.D., was inaugurated, on Thursday of last week, President of the University of Virginia. The day chosen for the occasion was the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the University; the exercises, therefore, abounded with references to his personality, and tributes to his foresight as an educator. In a peculiar sense the University of Virginia is a memorial to one man. It was planned by him and fostered by him; its buildings were erected under his personal direction; in its spirit it preserves his spirit as much as an institution can preserve the spirit of an individual; and though it does not bear his name, it bears the name he gave it. For eighty years it has existed without President or Chancellor; it now has a President for the first time in its history. Thus starting out on life anew, as it were, it begins with an inheritance of tradition such as few universities in America have. The day that marked this transition from the old to the new was fitly celebrated. The "Lawn," which is inclosed by the white-pillared Colonial brick buildings of the professors' and students' quarters, was gay with the almost autumnal coloring of the trees bursting into leaf, with the vivid green of new grass, the decorated lanterns, and the scarlet, blue, yellow, crimson, and purple hoods of the men who bore doctors' degrees. A stately procession from the restored Rotunda to the new Academic Building was followed by the inauguration exercises in the Public Hall. The Rector of the University, the head of the Board of Visitors, administered the oath of office; Governor Montague made an address of great dignity and beauty of diction on behalf of the State; the alumni, through Senator Martin as spokesman, expressed their approval, and greetings were borne from universities of the East, the North, the South, and the West, in four addresses of marked distinction. The undergraduates, massed in the upper gallery, participated by cheers and songs, supplying an element of youthful life and movement. At night a torchlight procession of undergraduates and a banquet of alumni and guests closed the day with festivity. The new President at that time had the happiness of announcing gifts, conditional and unconditional, of some $713,000, for transmutation, as he put it, into knowledge and character.

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Dr. Alderman's Declaration of His Policy

In his inaugural address Dr. Alderman collected traditional ideals of the University, cemented them with its spirit, and declared that there was the foundation on which he purposed to place whatever he might build. There could be no manner of doubt as to his faith in the character of the University. This character he displayed in "five clear points of light:"

A sympathetic understanding of democracy as a working hypothesis of life, guaranteeing to every man a chance to realize the best that is in him.

An absolute religious freedom, combined with wide and vital religious opportunities.

An appeal to the best in young men, resulting in the creation of a student public opinion and a student system of honor, which endowed the University of the past and endows the University of to-day with its richest asset of reputation and fame.

A high standard of scholarship rigidly maintained, in an air of freedom of learning and freedom of teaching, begetting an austere ideal of intellectual thoroughness and honesty.

A conception of culture as a compound of sound learning and gracious conduct, as an inheritance of manhood and moral will won through discipline and conquest, and as a capacity to deal with men in the rough work of the world with gentleness and simplicity.

On prestige as such, however, he declined to depend, "for," said he, "prestige may be a euphemism for epitaph." He made it clear that he shared with Jefferson the trait of "enthusiasm for the future." The forms of academic life which the University should develop he would have determined by the social order: "A changing society means a changing curriculum." In a few terse sentences, therefore, he indicated the nature of the change from the idealism of Jefferson's day to that of the present—a change from "issues formal and political" to issues which are "economic and social:"

The democracy of the young century was a democracy of politics and philosophy. The

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democracy of to-day is society fused by the divine energy of the Master, seeking unity and development, a common heart and conscience. . . . The great-grandsons of the men who fancied the suffrage would bring Utopia now set their hearts more upon the wages of labor, the nature of capital, good country roads, the enrichment of rural life, the village library, the comely school-house, the unimpeded path to some such spot as this.

Therefore Dr. Alderman presented his vision of the university as "a little world of libraries, laboratories, loan funds, fellowships, mechanism and beauty," equipped to serve the needs of the present era. This utterance revealed to all what those who have known Dr. Alderman knew before, that the University of Virginia has for its first President an educational statesman.

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The Prudential Committee's Report

The Prudential Committee of the American Board, as was anticipated, has decided to adopt the report of its special committee. It has decided that it cannot return Mr. Rockefeller's gift of one hundred thousand dollars. The gift was made for special educational work, was accepted before the fact of its offer was made public, and therefore before any protest against its acceptance was or could have been made. The grounds of action of the Prudential Committee are stated in seven paragraphs, and may be epitomized as follows: To refuse the gift would be to express disapprobation of a man when he was doing an act of benevolence. To prevent any man from doing a good deed is a wrong way to condemn him for doing evil. The accumulation of vast fortunes may be a menace to society, but their distribution by the owners while yet alive is an important safeguard to society. The return of such a gift would hinder such a tendency, which ought to be encouraged. The Board is organized for certain specific duties, and under certain limitations, and the Prudential Committee ought not to allow the Board to be used for the agitation of general questions which lie wholly outside of its provinces. Important as these questions are, the place for their discussion is elsewhere. The Committee has no right to set up any standard against the judgment of a majority of the members. Out of 189 corporate members of the Board who have communicated their views to the Board, 164 expressed the wish that the gift should be retained, 25 that it should be returned. The Prudential Committee cannot set at naught this judgment of the corporate members for whom they are acting. By returning the gift, the Prudential Committee would pass judgment upon the character of the donor, which would be a wrong to the church of which he is a member. Accusations against him cannot, in Christian courtesy, be acted upon until the case has first been tried before the Church to which he belongs. Lawful possession of wealth is sufficient proof of ownership; membership in a Christian church, sufficient evidence of worthiness of solicitation for the work of the Board. Acceptance of a gift places no member of the Board and no minister of a church under the slightest obligation to approve the acts of any individual or corporation, nor does it hinder any one from expressing his views upon any of the great questions of society. "If it were otherwise, not a member of the Committee would have voted to accept this gift. And we believe the opposite is equally true, that if the donor felt that it would be so accepted and interpreted, not a dollar would ever have been given." To these moral considerations the Committee add that they are advised by legal counsel that they have neither the legal nor the moral right to refuse money because they do not approve of the giver, and that "if we are rightly informed, decisions of the highest courts are to the effect that trustees who have once accepted a gift and undertaken certain obligations have no right to return the gift and absolve themselves from such obligations." Since most of these considerations have already been urged by The Outlook in its discussion of this question, it can hardly be necessary for us to add that the moral positions as well as the official action of the Prudential Committee have our heartiest approval. In saying this we wish to put emphasis on the position that there is nothing in the acceptance of this gift from Mr. Rockefeller to hinder any one from discussing with the

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most perfect freedom the business methods with which the Standard Oil Company and Mr. Rockefeller as a member of that Company are publicly charged.

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The History of This Case

This decision of the Prudential Committee may be reviewed and reversed by the American Board through the action of its corporate members at the annual meeting in the fall, but it closes the present chapter in the current discussion so far as the American Board is concerned. The discussion does not seem to have extended into other denominations than the Congregational, and certainly has had no perceptible effect to lessen the readiness of other missionary societies to accept gifts from Mr. Rockefeller. According to the New York "Times" of April 12, the Baptists have gratefully received a gift of $100,000 from Mr. Rockefeller for home missionary work, and Dr. Buckley, editor of the "Christian Advocate," and Chancellor Day, of the Syracuse University, have both publicly declared the rightfulness of receiving money from any man who has a legal title to it without question as to his character or past conduct. It is proper in recording this decision of the Prudential Committee to report, as we are now able to do from the official documents in our hands, the exact history of the proceedings which led up to the offer of Mr. Rockefeller's gift to the American Board and its reception by the Prudential Committee. In April, 1902, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., asked for an interview with Secretary Barton, to whom he had been referred by Mr. John R. Mott, of the Students' Movement, for information respecting the conditions of foreign missions, and the interview was had accordingly. A year later, in April, 1903, Mr. Barton wrote to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., expressly disavowing any claim on behalf of the Board as resulting from the previous interview, but asking for a new interview for the purpose of presenting to him the organized and specific work of the Board, and received as reply a letter stating, "My father is not prepared to offer a contribution to the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and therefore I fear that the conference, though highly agreeable to me, would be unfruitful to you." In October following Dr. Barton preached for Dr. Bradford in Montclair, and at the close of the service was introduced to Mr. Gates, the confidential secretary of Mr. Rockefeller. In December following he wrote to Mr. Gates inclosing a list of eighteen collegiate institutions organized and maintained in different foreign countries under the direction of the American Board for which contributions were solicited either for buildings or for endowment, and was told in reply that Mr. Rockefeller did not think it wise to endow missionary work, but did sometimes contribute to current expenses and to the erection of buildings. Following this correspondence an interview was arranged between Mr. Gates, representing Mr. Rockefeller, and Mr. Barton, representing the Board, at which the needs of these collegiate institutions were presented by Mr. Barton; they were subsequently carefully investigated by Mr. Gates. As a result, Mr. Gates wrote a long letter to Mr. Rockefeller embodying his report and recommendation, and on this report Mr. Rockefeller's gift of $100,000 for the benefit of eight collegiate institutions and for certain publication work in Turkey was based. The Outlook stated, April 1, "The gift from Mr. Rockefeller was not, we are informed, solicited by the American Board." This statement was made on what we regarded as good authority; but our information was evidently erroneous. While the first interview with Mr. Barton was spontaneously offered by Mr. Rockefeller, nothing came of that interview, and that the gift was finally made was due in part to the persistence and the tact of Mr. Barton in presenting the claims of the foreign colleges, in part to the strong conviction of Mr. Gates, embodied in his report, that the foreign field presented urgent claims on Mr. Rockefeller in the distribution of his benevolences. The question presented and, so far as the Prudential Committee can decide, decided by the Prudential Committee, is not merely whether gifts spontaneously offered shall be received without questioning the

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character of the giver, but also whether any man who possesses money which he has a legal right to dispose of as he pleases may properly be solicited to give it to certain specific charities in which the solicitor has a religious or philanthropic interest. The Outlook in its answer to this question agrees with the Prudential Committee. We answer it in the affirmative.

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Machine Legislation in Pennsylvania

The Republican organization in Pennsylvania, having "ripped" up the governments of Pittsburg, Scranton, and Allegheny, is trying its hand at "ripping" up the charter of Philadelphia, generally known as the Bullitt Bill. For twenty years this instrument has been a most effective one, largely because it has co-ordinated the various departments of municipal activity and concentrated authority in the hands of a responsible Mayor. It is true that the people of Philadelphia have not thus far availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by this excellent charter. When they have elected strong men they have not been honest, and when they have elected honest men they have been lamentably weak, as is the present Mayor, John Weaver. Nevertheless, there has been a steady growth of public appreciation of the powers and possibilities of the Bullitt Bill, and the time was coming when the electorate would demand a strong *and* honest man. Evidently the managers of the machine foresaw such a possibility, and now they have passed a series of bills taking away from the Mayor the power to appoint the directors of the several departments, and even to dismiss policemen and firemen, and vesting that power in the Councils of the city. In short, the bills destroy the co-ordination and concentration which were the conspicuous and successful features of the Bullitt Bill, and revert to the former condition of chaos. There has been no demand for the "rippers;" not even the henchmen of the machine knew about them until they were introduced. Notwithstanding this fact, the State Senate of Pennsylvania passed the bills without a word of debate, and the House of Representatives permitted only a few minutes of discussion. The bills were passed in a minimum of time, and this was due to Democratic complacency, as a single objection would have delayed the bills for some days, but there seemed to be no one in the Legislature who cared enough to interpose it. The bills are now in the hands of Governor Pennypacker, who it is confidently expected will veto them, although the organization as confidently claims that he will sign them. Public opinion in Philadelphia seems to be well-nigh unanimous against them. The Trades League, the Christian League, the Educational Association, the various reform bodies, have declared against them; thousands (upwards of 15,000) of citizens have petitioned the Governor to veto them; the leading Republican paper—the "Press"—is conspicuously fighting them. There seems to be no limit to the effrontery and audacity of the machine. It has used its control of the Republican organization most ruthlessly. It "ripped" out council government in Pittsburg and substituted a modern charter. In Philadelphia it is reversing the process. In Pittsburg the Mayor had not enough power. In Philadelphia he had too much—at least that was the argument. The truth of the matter is that it suits the machine and its purposes to blow hot in Pittsburg and to blow cold in Philadelphia. The encouraging feature of the situation is the confidence generally expressed that Governor Pennypacker will exercise his veto power and defeat this latest attack in Philadelphia.

❀

Save Niagara Falls

Such a storm of protest ought to beat upon the heads of the legislators at Albany this week that they will remember in future years not to make commerce of Niagara Falls. These protests ought to be specifically directed against the bill introduced by Assemblyman Leggett, No. 1,172. If this bill should pass, it would mean that in place of the massive waters that flow over the American Falls there would be, in the not distant future, nothing but bare, dry limestone cliffs. The bill grants to the

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Niagara, Lockport, and Ontario Power Company the right to draw off above the Falls sufficient water to "generate continuously 400,000 effective electrical horse-power, at a head of 150 feet." With the quantity of water which already has been granted to other power companies, the amount granted in this bill would consume all, except an insignificant trickle, that now flows over the American side of Goat Island. Is it possible that the people of this State or of the Nation will allow to come upon this country the shame of participation in the spoliation of this great natural wonder by the hands of commercially-minded marauders? Even if they are not sensitive to such shame, will they allow themselves to be subject to ridicule for handing over this invaluable possession to the power company free of charge? It is difficult to understand how anything but a pecuniary consideration should induce any legislator to vote for this bill.

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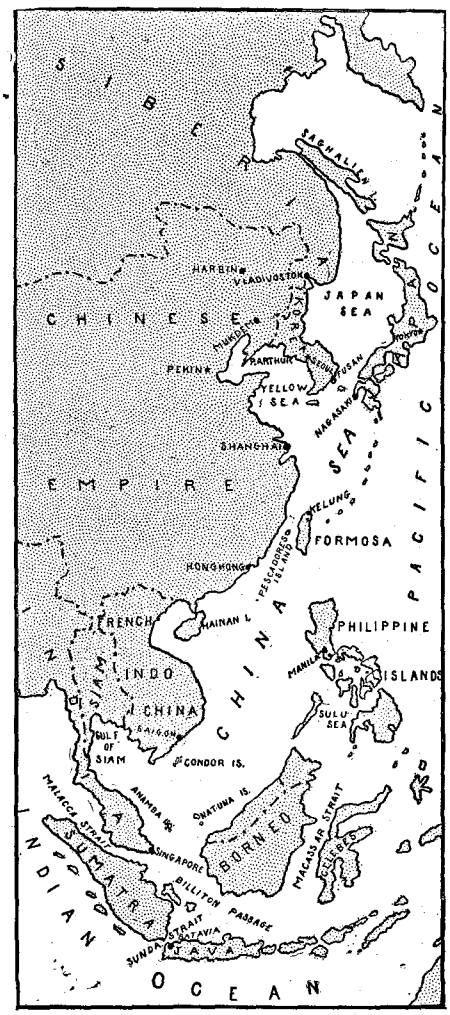
The Russian Fleet

Last week passed without the great sea battle believed to be impending in the China Sea. Authentic information about the movements of the two opposing fleets has been very slight; secrecy is essential to both, and is most jealously guarded. It is known now that the entire Russian fleet passed through the Straits of Malacca on April 8—the rumor reported in our last issue that Admiral Rojesvensky had divided his forces proved incorrect. The fleet moved northeastward toward the Anamba Islands, and perhaps from that point despatched its hospital ship, the Orel, to Saigon, to leave there the sick of the fleet and to bring back such supplies as it could carry. The presence with the fleet of supply vessels, colliers, and small craft makes the rate of speed slow; probably eight miles an hour is a liberal estimate. From Anamba the ships seem to have gone northeast again, past the Natuna Islands. A report from a merchant vessel on Monday of this week placed the Russian fleet at Kamranh Bay, Annam, on Friday. This is on the coast of French Indo-China, about half-way between Saigon and Hainan Island (see map). If this report is true, it would seem as if the Russians were moving directly toward Formosa, which is Japanese territory. It is understood that the Pescadores Islands (between Formosa and the mainland) have been made into a Japanese base of supplies, and it is quite probable that this may be the rallying-point for Admiral



Togo's fleet. There is every indication that Admiral Rojesvensky means to fight; indeed, he can do nothing else, for to reach Vladivostok at his rate of speed without being overtaken by Admiral Togo would be impossible. It will be seen that Vladivostok cannot be reached without passing through one of two straits, and these are doubtless closely watched by the Japanese. Admiral

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Togo's movements for the last two weeks have been an impenetrable mystery. With his fleet's superiority of speed, he has the opportunity to study his enemy's movements and almost to choose the time and place for the battle. On Monday it was reported that the Japanese cruisers had captured several colliers which were awaiting the Russian ships. Russia has spent money lavishly in sending colliers to all possible places where they might be utilized by Admiral Rojesvensky. It seems impossible for the Russian fleet to find any naval base except at Vladivostok, and that will undoubtedly be the objective of all the vessels which escape the Japanese, or for the entire Russian fleet if it should prove victorious in battle. The relative strength of the fleets is said to be: Japan, 27 ships, of 195,895 tons and 45,381 pounds broadside; Russia, 15 ships, of 126,305 tons and 30,886 pounds broadside; battleships, Russia, 7; Japan, 5; cruisers, Russia, 8; Japan, 22.

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The Situation in Morocco

There has been a great deal of talk during the past week in regard to the situation in Morocco and the real purpose of the German Emperor in declaring that German commercial interests in that country will be preserved, and that the independence of Morocco must also be maintained. This has been construed by the sensationalists as a direct affront to France, and, by those who take a more sober and probably a truer view, as a formal notice in no unfriendly spirit that the commercial interests of Germany in Morocco must be respected, and that she must be consulted with regard to the disposition of supreme authority in that country. The definite fact in the situation is that the question has been taken up by representatives of France and Germany and is being discussed by them, which is probably precisely what the Emperor intended to bring about. In this discussion M. Delcassé is reported to have taken the initiative with Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador in Paris. A mutual interchange of views in place of mutual recriminations and charges will pave the way for an understanding which will undoubtedly be reached between the two countries. The German Chargé d'Affaires in Morocco has given this statement to a newspaper published in Fez:

> It is not only Germany's right, but also her immediate and undeniable duty, to protect and develop her Moroccan interests. While she energetically demands for the Powers signatories at the conference held at Madrid in 1880 a frank recognition of the open-door policy, Germany insists on the preservation of the Sultan's sovereignty, and the independence of Morocco especially, because both are mentioned vaguely in the Franco-British agreement, thus permitting legitimate doubt on this subject. Germany's programme of action, which stands on a sound and irreproachable footing, is fortunately generally supported by public opinion in Germany, and has the sympathy of the whole Spanish population, including the Liberal party, and the approval of all the unprejudiced Powers.

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The British Budget

At the present juncture in England, when the Government is losing ground at every by-election and has obviously lost much of the confidence of the country, the Budget is of more than ordinary significance. With a general election so near, it might have been expected that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would utilize any surplus he had at his disposal in conciliating the middle classes, who since 1885 have been increasingly the backbone of the Tory party in the constituencies. The only way in which the Chancellor could have done this was by a reduction in the income tax, which was increased last year from elevenpence to one shilling in the pound, and is payable on all incomes over £160, without regard to the sources from which the incomes come, and with an allowance for life insurance as the only deduction. Mr. Austen Chamberlain had a surplus of £14,000,000; but, contrary to popular expectation, he has made no change in the income tax, which is now higher than it has been since 1864, when the plan was adopted of assessing all incomes at the same rate of poundage. The tax was higher, of course, during the South African War—that is, from 1901–2 to 1903–4. Those, however, were abnormal years; and for thirty-six years prior to 1900–1 the rate was never higher than eightpence in the pound. Since the

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middle nineties eightpence had come to be regarded as about the permanent rate in normal years; and, as has been said, there was an expectation that there would be a reduction in the one-shilling rate when the Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself with a surplus. Mr. Chamberlain, however, has seen fit to use the surplus otherwise. He has reduced the import duty on tea from eightpence to sixpence per pound; and, except for some slight reductions in the stamp duties, all the surplus that could go to the relief of taxation has gone in this reduction in the duty on tea. The reduction will not, however, cover the whole of the fiscal year. It is not to become operative until July—a provision which has been made more with a view to equitable treatment of the wholesalers than with an eye to any increase in the current year's income as a result of three months' continuance of the eightpenny duty.

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Relief for the Poorer Classes

From any point of view Mr. Chamberlain has made excellent use of his surplus. The tea duty was increased in 1902 as a war tax. The enhanced duty was the same on all grades of tea—good and indifferent—and it was beyond question a duty which worked hardship on the poorer laboring population. The reduction will bring some relief to the middle classes; but unless Mr. Chamberlain had made a reduction in the comparatively recently imposed duty on sugar he could not possibly have eased Imperial taxation in a way more productive of general relief. The middle classes are clearly loosening their hold on the Tory party. Brighton was a good indication of the change which just now is coming over the political feelings of middle-class England; and there is no reason to think that a reduction of even twopence in the pound on the income tax would have stayed this movement towards the Liberal party. For the present the middle classes are tired of the Tory Government, and are moving back toward the political position in which they stood between 1832 and 1885, when the Parliamentary franchise was much more restricted than it is to-day. From the point of view of political tactics also, Mr. Chamberlain showed discretion, and he evidently had well in mind the fact that the working classes have been unusually hard hit by the sugar duty and by the recent Tory legislation aimed at excluding bounty-fed sugar from Great Britain. It is usual for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to draw some social inferences from the figures which he presents to the House of Commons when it goes into Committee of the Whole on the Budget. Mr. Chamberlain's inference is that the English working classes are drinking much less beer than formerly; and he concludes that what formerly went in beer now goes into sports and outdoor and indoor pleasures. There is some measure of truth in this, as will be understood by any one who has noted social changes in England in this respect during the last ten years. But it is to be feared that some of the reduced expenditure in liquors is due to the industrial depression, the existence of which, as shown by the generally increased expenditures of the Poor Law guardians, was emphasized by Mr. Chamberlain in his Budget speech. The cable report of the speech is not full enough to admit of a judgment on Mr. Austen Chamberlain's method of presenting his facts and figures to the House. It is full enough, however, for us to realize that Mr. Chamberlain does not impart to his Budget the vivid popular interest which the Budget had in the days when Mr. Gladstone or even Lord Goschen or Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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Mr. Choate in the Middle Temple

"He goes back to his home with his duty well and nobly done, taking the universal respect and admiration of a kindred nation and his own." With these words the Lord Chancellor bade formal good-by to Mr. Choate at one of the most notable dinners in London for many years past. A few days earlier the American Ambassador had received the rare and, so far as Americans are concerned, the unique distinction of election as a member of the

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governing board of the Middle Temple—one of the four English Inns of Court which have played so great a part in the history, not only of English jurisprudence, but of English literature. Representing the best traditions of the bar, jealously preserved from generation to generation, the admission of an American to one of these strongholds of the highest authority in learning, influence, and position at the English bar is the most distinguished mark of confidence and regard which could be paid an American lawyer by members of his profession. At the farewell dinner in the great hall of Lincoln's Inn, a vast oaken chamber, with a heavily timbered roof, walls paneled with coats of arms, windows of stained glass, and a screened musicians' gallery carved with life-size figures, nearly four hundred members of the bench and bar were assembled, including the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chancellor, and almost every leading justice and barrister in England, with many notable persons from public and private life. The Lord Chancellor, in the formal toast to the guest, declared that he had stood for the highest conception of the office of ambassador; that he had been the apostle of the modern idea that diplomacy is based on publicity and justice; that he had used his great influence, backed by the temper and honor of a gentleman, to avoid all cause of jealousy and hostility, and to promote good understanding and good feeling. In response to this extraordinary tribute Mr. Choate declared that he accepted it on behalf of the American bench and bar and of the ambassadorial office from which he was retiring. It had been easy, he declared, to conduct the work of that office because the two representatives of England with whom he had had to deal, Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne, had said what they meant and meant what they said, and had always met him more than half way in all matters tending to harmony and union between the two countries; that diplomacy for England and for the United States had been made easy by the attitude on the one side of Queen Victoria and King Edward, and on the other by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, and that underneath all diplomatic transactions lay the determined purpose that the two countries should be friends and that nothing should mar their friendship. Few public servants have so admirably discharged great and difficult duties as has Mr. Choate. To say that he has kept the office of American Ambassador in England on the level to which it was held by Mr. Lowell, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Hay is to give him the very highest praise. He was not so readily understood by the English at first as was Mr. Bayard, who was in many respects like a typical English gentleman of the old school, nor had he the extraordinary literary gifts of Mr. Lowell; but the charm of his personality, his wit, sagacity, and trained competency, soon made themselves evident to the English mind, and his name must be added to the long and honorable list of those Ambassadors who have not merely discharged the technical duties of their positions, but have acted in a broad sense as the representatives of peoples, interpreting them to one another and so establishing peace and friendship on the most solid basis.

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The English Free Church Council

The National Free Church Council in England, where the federation of churches is by some years in advance of its present stage in this country, held its tenth annual session last month at Manchester, with a great throng of delegates. Next November what is expected to be the initial meeting of a similar body is to be held in New York by delegated representatives of denominations with a membership of seventeen millions. The address of the President, Dr. R. F. Horton, described "the inner mission" of the Free Churches as partly evangelistic and partly social. He held that they should identify themselves more specifically with the interests and needs of the people. Wholesome dwellings for laborers, healthy conditions in shops and factories, a living wage, reasonable hours of labor, provision of work for the unemployed, harmonious relations between masters and men, landlords and tenants, capital and

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labor, he considered to be matters of concern for the churches, touching them "because they touch Christ." It was the omission of the social part of the Gospel that caused bitterness toward the churches—a statement that many will regard as pertinent to conditions in this country. Vigorous opposition to the clerical control of public education under the present law was prominent in the proceedings, as it is in every gathering of Free Churchmen, as "Nonconformists" prefer to be called—a reasonable preference now, seeing that they constitute more than half of the population. In anticipation of the next Parliamentary election, strenuous efforts have been made to secure the running of Free Church candidates, and it was stated that two hundred had been secured, with a prospect of electing three-fourths of them. The sympathy of Free Churchmen with the "passive resisters," who suffer their goods to be seized, and in some cases go to jail, rather than pay taxes for the support of Anglican and Roman Catholic teaching in the schools, was shown by the observance of a "Passive Resistance Day" on this occasion. Scenery representing a prison cell was arranged on the platform, and some who had been imprisoned related their experience. As indicating the growth of the sacerdotalism which backs the present law, it was stated that the number of monastic establishments for men and women had increased during the last half-century from fifty-two to nine hundred and ninety in England alone.

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Appomattox After Forty Years

The fortieth anniversary of the surrender at Appomattox was celebrated by the unveiling of a granite monument to the North Carolina troops. Some of the old soldiers celebrated the very day (April 9, falling on Sunday this year as in 1865), by revisiting the battlefield and locating the different historic incidents. On Monday Governor Montague, of Virginia, and Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, with a number of Confederate soldiers from the two States, proceeded to the battleground, where they were met by a large concourse of people from the countryside and the neighboring cities. North Carolina, while yielding the claim to Virginia for having furnished the great leaders of the war, has always contended that she sent more men to the front than even Virginia did. The records show that, out of a military population of 115,000, North Carolina furnished 125,000 troops. But the inscription on the monument that provoked some unfavorable comment in Virginia was the claim that North Carolina was "First at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, last at Appomattox." The monument marks the site of the last charge of a Confederate brigade, led by General Cox, and the spot where the last volley was fired by Confederate troops. The whole spirit of the occasion breathed the loftiest patriotism, with devotion to the Union of States, with no shadow of regret that the South had passed through an experience of the things that make for character. Governor Montague and Governor Glenn vied with each other in generous tribute to the soldiers from the other's State, and one of the features of the day was the address by Major Armes, a Federal officer, who now owns the battlefield and had presented this site to North Carolina. It is a unique thing that forty years after the surrender the defeated side should be celebrating the day with the utmost pride in the achievements and enduring courage of its soldiers and with the utmost loyalty to the National unity.

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Women and Child Labor

At the fifth triennial meeting of the National Council of Women, held in Washington, D. C., on April 9, the most significant address was that of Dr. A. J. McKelway, Assistant Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. In this address he showed that child slavery was the real name for the labor of children sent by their parents to too early toil, and that it was a National evil in its extent, no State of the Union being free from its blight. From the history of the evil in England and of legislation against it for a hundred years he claimed that America might learn much to its profit. He showed that child labor had been the special curse of the textile

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industry, the spinning and weaving that were once woman's work in the home having been laid upon the tender shoulders of the child; and that among the textile trades the cotton-mill had always been and continued to be the worst sinner in this regard; that it was woman's work to cure this evil, since the woman created the chief demand for clothing; that the protection of the young girls especially from too early labor, for too long hours, at the critical period of a young girl's life, involved the welfare of the race itself; that the cotton-milling centers of England now show a terrible depreciation of the human stock from the system of child labor in its effects through several generations. Through their influence in the social sphere women might make it an absolutely disreputable thing to employ children in mine or store or mill, or to resist legislation that was in the interests of the children.

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An Easter Meditation

Easter gains an added joy because it rises out of the sadness of the Lenten season like a star out of dark clouds. The fresh beauty of the spring, bringing with it a sense of freedom, a thrill of exhilaration in the rising tide of life overflowing the desolate places and making them sweet with the promise of flowers, fitly symbolizes the brightness of hope which issues out of the long fasting and temptation when the desert fades out of sight and the angels of the Resurrection stand beside the empty tomb. Against the most terrible of the mysteries of life—the mystery of sin—and the most pathetic of all the events in life—death—comes this glory of the risen Christ, this victory of the spirit over the weakness of the body, this disclosure of immortality, not as a vision but as a fact among the uncertainties and decays and vanishings of mortality. At the darkest hour the day breaks, on the blackest mystery the light falls, through the tragedy of the body the soul escapes into the fullness, the freedom, the bliss of the perfect life. As the Christ was born in the lowliest station, so that no place or condition should ever lack the consecration and sanctity of the divine, so out of sin and death, the most appalling facts in the history of men, the immortality of the soul emerges serene and victorious.

A thoughtful teacher of ethics has said that no philosophy will ever satisfy men which cannot throw a plank across a grave. To bridge that narrow chasm is the necessity of the soul of the race. Hosts of men and women would live their lives in all purity and honor if they knew there was no fair country beyond the gates of death; many men and women are living in heroic constancy and patience without that hope; putting courage in the place of faith and bearing the wounds of the heart in stoical silence. But if that hope were to die out of society, the light would go out of the world, the joy out of art, the highest thought out of philosophy, the deepest inspiration to right living out of conduct; the mystery of life would degenerate into a meaningless tragedy. The bursting of the bonds of death, the rising of one man out of the grave, the triumph of one spirit over death, has changed all life, and made the world a home instead of a sepulcher, and the place of burial God's acre, where the body is sown in corruption that it may be reaped incorruptible and full of glory.

This crown of immortality is no reward to be seized by an idle hand; it must be won—as all happiness must be won—by self-sacrifice, by self-surrender, by service; in a word, by character. They only wear it who are worthy; it is not a gift, but an achievement. An immortality of evil and punishment, if it were credible, would be the most appalling of all possible misfortunes. Death, in the sense of annihilation, would be sweet and friendly if it brought escape from the eternal loneliness of separation from God, the misery of final divorce from the good and pure and true. Life is not mere continuity of existence; it is thought, feeling, emotion, action. Immortal life is not an automatic projection of individual consciousness out of what we call time into what we call eternity; it is fullness, richness, completeness of living in thought, emotion, action.

In the joy of the great Festival of Life, therefore, there come not only con-

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solation, hope, and deep-seated peace; there comes also a solemn note of warning. Easter follows Lent, and marks the issue of the conflict in the desert; it is the sign and symbol of temptation resisted and evil vanquished; it is the victory not of innocence but of righteousness—the supreme evidence that the pure thought and the divine affection have passed on through will into character. For the Christ there could have been no other issue of that conflict, no other crown than that which flashed on a sorrowful world on the first Easter morning. But who can predict the quality of the life which is coming to us in the great hereafter? Does it not depend on the quality of this present life? Are we not to-day determining, not so much whether we shall live forever, as how we shall live forever? Are we not now making for ourselves the heaven to which our hopes climb with timid feet in the uncertainties of our journey? There stands the open door, and He stands beside it whose hands were pierced; but when we have entered, how far shall we go and what shall our possession be? Can any one answer these questions save ourselves?

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The Church a Witness-Bearer

Dr. Gladden closes his letter, which we print on another page, with these two sentences: "We do not think that the Christian Church has any more urgent duty now upon her hands than to bear this testimony. And we confidently expect that The Outlook will give us its great aid in making it clear and effective." So far as "this testimony" is against the actions of which Mr. Rockefeller is accused and of the spirit embodied in such actions whenever and by whomsoever performed, The Outlook will not disappoint expectation. So far as it is an expectation that Mr. Rockefeller will be singled out by us from all the officers of the Standard Oil Company for condemnation, and from the multitude of men who have earned smaller fortunes by similar methods, it will be disappointed. We can only repeat in reply to this appeal what we said in the editorial which Dr. Gladden criticises: "The Outlook affirms that it is not right for the American Board or for Dr. Tucker or for Dr. Gladden to sit in judgment on Mr. Rockefeller. The Outlook refuses to sit in judgment on him." We agree with Dr. Gladden that "it is every man's duty to contribute to the creation of a sound public opinion; and that is only done by forming and uttering judgments on the rightfulness or wrongfulness of public policies and practices which affect the general welfare." And The Outlook has not been silent respecting such public policies and practices.

But The Outlook absolutely declines to take an account of stock of any man and decide whether the balance of his moral ledger is on the credit or the debit side. And it absolutely declines to condemn his good deeds because of his evil deeds. We will co-operate with the vicious man in his virtues, and we will strive to create public opinion against his vices. We will work with Senator Quay for Indian reform, and we will work for political reform against Senator Quay; we will commend Senator Hanna's work as President of the Civic Federation, and criticise his Philistinism in politics; we will co-operate with Mr. Rockefeller in philanthropic, educational, and religious work, and we will condemn the wrongfulness of certain of the policies and practices charged, and apparently proved, against the Standard Oil Company, which violate the spirit of the Golden Rule. But we will not undertake to determine how far Mr. Rockefeller is personally responsible for those policies and practices, nor in what proportions good and evil are mixed in him, nor how the service which he has rendered and the evils he has inflicted upon the public respectively foot up. We resolutely refuse to follow Dr. Gladden in his discussion of Mr. Rockefeller's character. We do not even quote the reply which his friends make to the charges preferred by Dr. Gladden against him. We are neither attorney for the accused nor attorney against the accused, nor the judge upon the bench. We

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stand upon the broad ground laid down in the editorial which Dr. Gladden criticises:

"*The good any man does deserves honor, whatever evil he may have done or may do again. The evil a man does deserves rebuke, whatever good he may have done or may do again.*"

So much by way of direct reply to Dr. Gladden. The importance of bearing testimony against public policies and practices that injuriously affect the general welfare, which Dr. Gladden emphasizes, The Outlook also emphasizes. And before his letter was received it had in type the editorial which follows, written, not to influence the action of the American Board, but to guide our readers to what we deem right answers to the two questions, Ought the Church to bear testimony against public and popular sins? and if so, How should it bear such testimony?

The Church of Christ ought to be a witness-bearer not merely to general principles of universal application, but to the special application of those principles to the life of each particular epoch. It should bear witness against the sins of its own time, and it should study the evils of its own time, and indicate the direction in which remedies are to be looked for.

It is not enough for it to say in general terms, We are saved by hope; it must also point out in what direction hope looks for salvation from special disorders. It is not enough to say, Thou shalt not steal; it must also point out the special forms of disregarding the rights of property which constitute characteristic stealing at any particular age or in any particular community. If the recent agitation shall quicken the sense of this duty in the Church, and make it more definite, more specific, and more vigorous in its witness-bearing against sin, and more intelligent in its prescription of remedies, it will have accomplished a great and much-needed service to the community. There are two principles respecting this witness-bearing by the Church, which must be regarded if the witness-bearing is to be effective.

I. We may well turn to the Bible on the assumption that the example of the Prophets and the Apostles, and especially of Jesus Christ, furnishes a guide for us in the twentieth century. The Prophets rarely, if ever, bore testimony against the sin of any particular individual whom they specified by name. We do not recall any instance in which the Apostles did so in any public preaching, though there are one or two references to individual wrong-doers, as Paul's reference to Demas, in the Epistles. We do not think that Christ ever singled out a person for public condemnation, though more than once he made the act of an individual, whose hospitality he was receiving at the time, an occasion for rebuking the sins of a class to which his host belonged, sins of which his host was guilty (Luke xi. 37–54; xiv. 1–11). The sins which were condemned by the Prophets and the Apostles and the Master were the sins of their community, or of certain classes in their community.

The sins which they thus rebuked were sins characteristic of that time, and calling for rebuke then and there. "Woe to them," cries Micah, the prophet of the poor, "that covet fields, and take them by violence; and houses, and take them away: so they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage." But Micah does not mention any one prince or noble who has done these things. "Him, being delivered, by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain," says Peter in his Pentecostal sermon. But he does not mention Pilate, or Caiaphas, or Annas; he charges the guilt home upon his auditors. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" cries Christ, "for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." But he pillories no person to receive the condemnation either of the bystanders or of subsequent history. Once Christ was asked to pass judgment on a particular transaction, and a particular person accused of dishonesty in that transaction. "Speak to my brother," says one of his auditors, "that he divide the inheritance

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with me." Christ refused to interfere. He refused to pass judgment on the transaction and on the brother accused of the wrong-doing; but he took the occasion to condemn the national sin of coveteousness. "Man," he said, "who made me a judge or a divider over you? And he said unto them, Take heed, and beware of coveteousness."

If we can judge at all of what Christ would do in our time by what he did in his time, he would denounce political corruption, but he would not sit in judgment on Matthew Quay. He would denounce gambling, but he would not pillory Richard Canfield. He would condemn the spirit which converts commerce into war, but he would not call Mr. Rockefeller before himself as judge. In short, he would condemn the National sins of our time, he would not select special sinners to be the subjects of his special condemnation.

II. The other principle which the Church needs to bear in mind is the method by which its witness is to be borne against sins common in its time. When a Church is organized, and has in its organization some person or some body which has a right to speak authoritatively on its behalf, this person or this body is the proper instrument by which to bear its testimony against what it regards as current errors or current sins. Thus Pope Leo XIII., in his encyclical on Socialism, vigorously condemned the spirit of greed and selfishness characteristic of a commercial age, and condemned it alike in all classes. Thus the Episcopal General Convention has borne vigorous testimony against the lax notions of the family tie and the easily granted divorces characteristic of certain classes in American society to-day. Thus, too, in the decade 1850–1860, various church bodies bore their testimony against slavery, and both before and since they have by resolutions borne their testimony against various phases of intemperance.

In the Congregational denomination there is no body which has any right to speak with authority on behalf of the churches, in such a way as to bind them, as the Episcopal Church is bound by the utterances of the General Convention, or as the Roman Catholic Church is bound by the utterance of its Pope. But it has State and local Associations and a National Council, and any expression of opinion by a State Association is justly taken as indicative of the opinion entertained by churches in that State, and any opinion expressed by the National Council is justly taken as indicative of the opinions entertained by the churches throughout the Nation. If the Congregational ministry desire to have the Congregational denomination, as a unit, express its opinion on any ethical question, or bear its witness against any current sin, it is by the State Association or by the National Council that such utterance should be made, such testimony should be borne.

The Outlook would like to see a committee possessing some expert knowledge of economic and industrial conditions, a committee containing such representative men as Dr. Gladden, President Tucker, President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, and President Hadley, of Yale University, formulate some statement respecting the Christian principles applicable to the present industrial and commercial conditions, and involving some testimony against current industrial and commercial wrong-doing. If such a witness were formulated by such a committee, and after full discussion were adopted by the National Council, and perhaps also by State Associations, it would have a deserved influence in the community in defining, if not raising, ethical standards, and in expressing and forming, if not in creating, a public sentiment against the violation of such standards.

But while such organic testimony against wrong-doing by the proper representative bodies of a denomination is not without considerable value, in the main the Church must depend for its efficiency as a witness-bearer upon the courage, the candor, the rational judgment, and the outspokenness of its individual ministers. What Isaiah said of the Messiah may be said of all his ministers: "Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people." This is precisely one of the functions of the Christian minister: to bear witness, not against individual men—he is not appointed to be a judge or a divider between men;

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not upon individual transactions—he is not appointed to be an investigator of special acts, and certainly he is not appointed to condemn special acts without investigating them; but to be a witness for the essential principles of truth and righteousness, as they are interpreted by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, and to be a witness against the violation of those principles wherever and whenever and by whomsoever that violation may be manifested. The age is truly characterized as a commercial age. Its virtues and its vices are both those of commercialism. And the Church can perhaps render no better service to such an age than by raising, through the voice of its ministry, the ideal of commercial integrity, and bearing a courageous testimony against every violation of that law of mutual service which is fundamental in the teaching of Jesus Christ.

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The University of Virginia: Its New Day

Few academic events of recent years have had so great significance as the inauguration last week of Dr. Alderman as President of the University of Virginia. It means more than the entrance of a new personality into the life of a great institution, for it involves a transformation of the organization of the institution itself. As Harvard embodied the spirit of the New England colonists, so the University of Virginia embodied the spirit of the Southern landholders. Harvard is distinctly an inheritance from the days of the monarchy; the University of Virginia is an inheritance from men who had established a democracy. Harvard for generations bore the marks of the time when the government was under the Crown, and the Church, albeit Congregational, laid claim to privileges of establishment. The University of Virginia at its very outset was clear of Church control and even of religious atmosphere, and avoided so amply the dangers of executive despotism that it dispensed with the office of President. While the Northern university has been learning its lesson of religious and academic freedom, the Southern university has, without losing its freedom, made provision for religious worship and preaching, and has now at last created, in the interest of administrative efficiency, the office of President. No one who does not know Virginia, and especially the University at Charlottesville, can very well understand how the theory that administration by a group of men is freer and better than administration by a single executive has given a tone to the whole University. The election of a President means the abandonment of that theory, and the adoption of the belief that the function of administering university affairs ought to be exercised, not as an incident to the teaching function, but as an independent, positive force. This necessarily involves the view that the university owes to itself the opportunity of aggressive expansion.

What such expansion means to the commonwealth of Virginia President Alderman indicated in his inaugural address. It means an attempt to carry out Jefferson's idea that the University of Virginia should be the leader, so to speak the federal head, of all the educational forces of the State. Dr. Alderman would establish relations of comity and co-operation, not only with the common schools, but also with private and denominational colleges; he suggested that halls and domitories controlled by them should be established at the University, and that a school of education should be maintained in the University to be a place of training for teachers to be leaders of public opinion.

The expansion of the University of Virginia ought to have a peculiar meaning for the whole South, for, as Dr. Alderman said, to great numbers of men throughout the South it has been known as par excellence *the* University. For generations the people of the Southern States have exalted the value of political liberty; conditions now existing in the South demand, and are ripe for, the promulgation of a new liberty—liberty of thought and of speech. Especially the task set before the South of establishing relations of justice and mutual service between two separate and distinct races cannot be performed without such intel-

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lectual liberty. This a great university cannot but foster; and the greater the University of Virginia becomes, the greater will be its service in this respect.

Were the significance of this inauguration to end here, it would make the event worthy of record in the history of academic progress in America; but it extends far beyond Virginia and the South. Though in plan and spirit the University of Virginia has from the first been truly a university, its poverty and the lack of unity in its administrative organization have prevented the realization of its ideal. Now, with a centralized organization and the machinery for getting financial strength, it will, by having more to offer, draw more students from North, East, and West. To this end its situation, not far from the traditional line separating North and South, will be an aid. Numbers of Southern young men have gone into the North for their training, or at least a part of it; hereafter, with the expansion of the University of Virginia, the small number of Northern young men going South for at least some of their education will be increased. Every man born and bred in the North who goes to Charlottesville will gradually learn to understand from the community a point of view in many respects new to him. He will learn by concrete experiences how men value race integrity when they think they see it threatened, how they insist on the value of a man apart from his money or his enterprise when the means and the spirit of commercialism are absent, how they can exalt honor into a force as powerful as greed or passion when they have been bred to do so. Northern universities have done inestimable service in giving Southerners a point of view they never could have obtained in the South. The University of Virginia is in position to give Northerners a point of view that can be had only in the South.

With this promise for the educational advancement of the Commonwealth, the nourishing of intellectual liberty in the South, and the spread of a National rather than a sectional outlook among citizens throughout the Nation, the University of Virginia has been, as it were, born anew.

The Credibility of Love

"All the world loves a lover" not only because he recalls a brief ecstasy in the memory of the multitude who are living in the light of common day, but because he rounds out to its full dimensions the passional and romantic capacity of the race. For a host of men and women life is a tracery, gradually becoming obliterated, of generous passions and great hopes; a fading of the sky of dawn into the dull arch of a gray noon. It is not the blackness in life that brings weariness and repulsion, it is the monotonous grayness; it is not radical skepticism that blights faith and takes the bloom off the days—it is indifference, disillusion, cynicism. The root of these destructive forces which rob life of its romance, its wonder, its perennial freshness of interest, is in the man, not in the order of things; and society has always been full of those who, losing the mind and heart of childhood, have not realized the aging of their spirits and have thought the world grown old. Now the lover, wiser than the children of the world, carries the fresh heart and keeps his vision securely among the blind.

"Great men are the true men," writes Amiel, "the men in whom nature has succeeded. They are not extraordinary, they are in true order. It is the other species of men who are not what they ought to be." The story of the rise of men from the stone age has been a long record of discovery—the continual finding of unsuspected wealth and of unused forces in earth and air; and it is quite certain that there are hidden from us to-day, within our reach or the reach of our children, a thousand uses of the chemistry of the soil and air, of which the marvelous divinations of the last two decades have been only dimly prophetic. If this inexhaustible treasury of uses and adaptations, of force and material, were not matched by a kindred capacity in men, there would have been no history of science, and the world would present the ignoble paradox of an incalculable fortune in the keeping of an imbecile. That treasury never opens save at the touch of intelligence, and the rarest things it guards are accessible only to the insight

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of genius, so that the story of discovery is the story of the discoverer; his growth has been registered in the uncovering of the secrets of the world in which he lives. From the beginning he has been slowly or rapidly bringing out of the depths of his nature great and heroic qualities; he has, with infinite labor, made a place for himself not only with the work but among the thoughts of God. And he is still in an early stage of his growth; despite the forebodings of the faint-hearted or the near-sighted, despite the apprehensions of those who do not recognize the multiplying signs that we are in a growing, not in a completed, universe, the future holds more spiritual and subtle gifts in its hands, and men are unfolding more and more the capacity to receive and use these higher things. In the face of a thousand discouraging outbreaks and downfalls, men are rising in the scale of spiritual living, and there are before the race almost unsuspected possibilities of greatness.

The unimaginative suspect the reality of the conclusions of the man of insight, and in every age the Cassandras who have foreseen the approach of fate have been rejected and scorned; but the man of imagination is the only man who really sees the world or knows what it holds for men. Greatness has so far been incredible to small men, and from time to time futile attempts are made to explain genius as a form of disease; as if the early stages of growth could be wholesome, and the supreme stage, the final decisive planting of the feet on the summit, abnormal! It is in greatness, not in littleness, that nature touches the goal of her endeavor; and great spirits are neither abnormal nor diseased; "they are in true order." This does not involve a new kind of men in the world; it involves a higher development of the men now in possession of the world. It may be suspected that a vast amount of what appears to be mediocrity is in reality undeveloped intelligence and power, and that society needs not so much a wider possession of intellect as a higher energizing of the intellect it is very inadequately using.

In like manner there are immense reserves of passion, devotion, chivalry, still to be drawn on; the world is full of men who might be great lovers if they knew that love is an art as well as an ecstasy. There are as many undeveloped resources of love in the hearts of men as there are undeveloped forces and qualities in the world about and the soul within us. Under the pressure of the tyranny of things, in a critical age which distrusts the reality of great spiritual superiorities and is afraid of great passions, those who might reap the uttermost harvests of love are content with a few sheaves; they look at the glow in the sky of youth as a pathetic promise of a day which never dawned. The ecstasies reported by the great lovers they regard as the poetic or symbolic expressions of imaginative men. To the literal-minded such an experience as that recorded in the "Vita Nuova" has no roots in reality; it is an elaborate and somewhat morbid fiction of a great poet. There are many who accept the authenticity of Romeo's consuming passion but reject utterly the sustained passion transmuted into a great idealism which has its classic examples in Beatrice and Laura. In the preoccupation of pressing affairs, the absorption of vitality in dealing with things, the imagination is undeveloped and becomes atrophied, and the stunted spirit grows skeptical of the reality and uses of poetry; and in like manner the failure to unfold the power of love by the practice of the art of loving makes the maimed spirit incredulous of the ecstasies and adorations of those who are possessed by the genius of passion. Mercutio makes sport of Romeo's intensity of emotion because the great passion has not touched him; let the faintest breath rest on that gallant nature and the scorn of a world would not count a feather's weight against its splendid devotion. To believe in great thoughts and deeds a man must share in them; to believe in a great passion a man must experience it; for to every man come the things which belong to him by reason of his aims, loves, faith. To the commonplace the commonplace is always present; to those who have vision as well as sight the world grows more wonderful the further they penetrate its mysteries. To the nature that

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has never known a great passion passing on into a secure and noble devotion the annals of love belong to the literature of fiction; to those who know what love may become in the hearts of the pure and the lives set apart to its service, they are faint transcriptions of an experience that lies for the most part beyond the bounds of speech.

There is a greatness in love as in mind, a superiority which reveals without explaining itself, a genius which is as real as it is inexplicable. The skepticism of those upon whom this divine grace has never rested, the cynicism of those who have lost the power of love through infidelities to its nature and laws, the indifference of those who work with their hands and are content never to look at the sky over their heads, count as little as do the blind man's doubt of the reality of painting, the deaf man's skepticism of the spell of music, the bad man's denial of virtue. In the art of love, as in all things, life is full of the pathos of the searching saying that "unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

❀

The Spectator

The great trouble with holidays is that most people don't know what to do with them. This objection, however, the Spectator finds, does not apply to Patriots' Day, that peculiarly Bostonian holiday. Having been in Boston on the nineteenth of April more than once, he can testify that everybody, apparently, goes to Concord and Lexington for the day, if it is at all a possible day for out-of-doors. And having gone along himself, he can also testify that it is an exhilarating occasion, full of patriotic thrills, local color, literary associations, and kodak opportunities. The Spectator cherishes a snapshot of two little Italian boys looking up at the statue of the Minute-Man, which—but this is anticipating.

❀

Of course all the trains were crowded. That was to be expected. So were the roads. A dozen years ago or so, when Patriots' Day was inaugurated by a great celebration, the bicycle was in its glory, and almost caused an accident. A rider, personating Paul Revere, left the North Church on a duplicate of the famous midnight ride, crying his historic warning as he went under the windows of Boston and Cambridge. But the ubiquitous bicyclers started with him, and never let him go. There were bicycles ahead of his horse, beside it, behind it, and running into it at intervals, in the dark. The original ride may have been dangerous, but not to compare with the perils of the replica. No one ever had the courage to play Paul Revere again. It was lucky for the rider, however, had he but known it, that it was the era of the bicycle and not the automobile. Paul Revere dodging a score of "Red Devils" would have been in danger too awful to contemplate.

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There were automobiles on the roads, the Spectator noticed, and bicycles too, but not enough of either seriously to disturb the tide of travel that filled the wagons and buggies and carryalls and tally-ho coaches whereon young and old Bostonians braved the breezes boldly. It was more strictly patriotic to travel on the road, because the battle was really fought all along it, and tablets marked this spot and that where historic volleys were fired and stands and retreats were made. Driving out from Boston, of course, the Spectator was going the wrong way, for the fight went the other way, starting in Concord, and pushing back the British, foot by foot, to Lexington. But with speeches being made on Lexington Common, and everybody else beginning the day there, what was the use of carping? The Spectator and his friends followed the crowd, and shared the patriotic thrill when the Munroe Tavern was first reached, where, as two tablets along the road told, the British, under cover of Percy's cannon and reinforcements, halted in their harassed retreat, many of them utterly exhausted, lying down in the dust of the road to rest, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs," as one chronicler puts

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it. "Poor things!" said a sympathetic young woman in the party. But when she heard the tale of their subsequent eating and drinking and pillaging, killing the tapster who served them, trembling, in the old tavern, and setting it on fire when they had to fall back finally, overmatched and hard pressed, on Boston, she laid her sympathies aside and substituted, "It would have served them just right if every single one of them had been killed!"

❀

There is not, indeed, much room for sympathy with the enemy in the story of Lexington and Concord. The old musket, with the powder-horn hanging from it, carved on the face of the great granite boulder on Lexington Common, recalls vividly the simple valor of the minute-men of '75. It points the direction of their line as it stood that day, and its inscription preserves the words of their captain, Parker: "Stand your ground; don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, *let it begin here.*" It was from this spot that Jonathan Harrington, one of the heroic band, mortally wounded by the first volley, dragged himself across the common to the door of his own little house and died at his wife's feet. The Spectator and his companions visited the old Buckman Tavern, where the minute-men mustered, and the monument, built in 1799, with its inscription beginning, "Sacred to Liberty and the Rights of Mankind," written by the minister of Lexington, himself eye-witness of the conflict. They went through the Cary Museum, where Major Pitcairn's pistols and Paul Revere's portrait and dozens of other interesting things are enshrined; they strolled to the old belfry where the bell was rung to summon the minute-men; but they came back to the granite boulder, as everybody else did. "'The uncertain glory of an April day' wouldn't do as a quotation for the Lexington calendar, would it?" suggested one of the party. "About as much glory was packed into that nineteenth of April as the town can ask."

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Yet, after all, it was best to see Lexington first, because Concord, the Spectator realized afterwards, holds the climax in the North Bridge and the Minute-Man of Concord. Along the road between the two historic villages tablet after tablet recalled the vain stands made by the English redcoats against the roused valor of the countryside. Past the Wayside, with its memories of Hawthorne, and the wooded ridge behind it from which the hidden and vigilant village sharpshooters picked off one British grenadier after another; past the Orchard House, where "Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy" once lived, and the queer little weather-worn wooden Hillside Chapel, where Alcott's School of Philosophy emulated the Grecian sages; past the house where the Sage of Concord combined plain living and high thinking for so many famous years, and down Monument Street, the carriage drove slowly, following the unending crowd. Some of the Monument Street children, true daughters of Concord, were playing on the sidewalk, and one, striking an attitude and pointing to a picturesque old house, posed as a mimic guide.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Old Manse. Emerson's grandfather here witnessed the battle of Concord from an upper window on this side. Hawthorne's 'Mosses from an Old Manse'—"

"Oh, we all know *that!*" cried her playmates, with shouts of laughter. To be a Concord child, and to know these things, the Spectator felt, is indeed to be privileged from birth.

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Children, bicyclers, an automobile or two, a throng of pedestrians and carriages, streamed ceaselessly down Monument Avenue to the North Bridge and its statue, through a double avenue of silent, aromatic pines, whose picturesque quiet seemed to subdue every one into suitable reverence. The only chatterers were the squirrels, who racketed about overhead, making incessant protests against this invasion of their territory. At the end of the vista rose the Monument, and from its foot stretched the bridge across which British and Americans faced each other. "Selected a pretty place for a scrap, didn't they, anyway?" remarked an irreverent bi-

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cycler, whose wheel, however, was flag-trimmed in great style.

"ON THE OPPOSITE BANK
STOOD THE AMERICAN MILITIA,
HERE STOOD THE INVADING ARMY,
AND ON THIS SPOT
THE FIRST OF THE ENEMY FELL
IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION,"

read the Spectator from the Monument, and then he looked beyond and saw the statue of the Minute-Man—young, resolute, and brave, one stalwart hand on the plow, the other holding the hastily snatched musket, every nerve and muscle alert to resist the invader and protect the homestead and the field. No need of Emerson's simple and splendid stanza carved on the granite pedestal; the "embattled farmer" stands there, mutely eloquent. The whole story of the nineteenth of April is in that plain, heroic figure. "And isn't it satisfying," said one of the Spectator's companions, "that Concord could voice itself, could furnish 'the poem, the sculptor, and the occasion'?"

Mr. Rockefeller and the American Board

I.—A Statement from Dr. Gladden

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I AM persuaded that there could be no very radical difference between The Outlook and those of us who oppose the acceptance by the American Board of Mr. Rockefeller's money, if the same facts were before all our minds.

The issue is fairly presented in this sentence: "The Outlook affirms that it is not right for the American Board or for Dr. Tucker or Dr. Gladden to sit in judgment on Mr. Rockefeller." I will let Dr. Tucker and the American Board speak for themselves; I speak for myself when I say that, in my opinion, it is not only my right, but my duty, and the duty of every American citizen, to sit in judgment on Mr. Rockefeller and upon the thing which he represents. There is no more solemn, no more urgent duty resting upon American citizens, and especially upon American public teachers, than the expression of this clear judgment.

Of course it is understood that it is John D. Rockefeller as a factor in the economic, political, and social life of this people with whom we are dealing. We have nothing to do with his relation to other worlds. What uses the Almighty may have for him we do not undertake to determine. Our question is simply what the American people ought to think about him and to do with him.

Mr. Rockefeller is not simply a private person. He is the representative of a great system which has become a public enemy. The organization which he represents has been and now is a gigantic oppressor of the people.

The Outlook has seemed to say several times that so long as this public injury is done by legal methods, we may, without scruple, share its gains. If it had come under legal condemnation, we might, it is argued, hesitate to accept its bounty. Well, even if the case is to be put on that low ground, there is abundant reason for our judgment. Mr. Rockefeller and his doings have felt more than once the heavy censure of the courts of law. Again and again in the legal tribunals of Ohio and of the United States his business methods have been denounced. Here is one pronouncement by a judge of the United States District Court, respecting a transaction into which, as the judge said, the receiver of a railroad had been coerced by the Standard Oil Company:

"The discrimination complained of in this case is so wanton and oppressive *it could hardly have been accepted by an honest man having due regards for the rights of others*, or conceded by a just and competent receiver who comprehended the nature and responsibility of his office; and a judge who would tolerate such a wrong, or retain a receiver capable of perpetrating it, ought to be impeached and degraded from his position." (Proceedings in Relation to Trusts, H. of R., 1880, Rep. No. 3,112, pp. 577–578.)

Under the precise form of discrimi-

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nation herein described and characterized by a just judge, the Standard Oil Company was doing business for many years. Mr. A. J. Cassatt, now President of the Pennsylvania Railway, testified that the gains of the Standard Oil Company from this source alone amounted, in eighteen months, to $10,000,000.

Does The Outlook say that we have no right to judge transactions of this nature, or the man who practices them and builds up a vast fortune by means of them?

In 1892 the Supreme Court of Ohio dissolved by a decree the Standard Oil Trust, which had been doing business for ten years, and had amassed several great fortunes. The language of the Court was:

"Its object was to establish a virtual monopoly of the business of producing petroleum, and of manufacturing, refining, and dealing in it, and all its products, throughout the entire country, and by which it might not merely control the production, but the price, at its pleasure. All such associations are contrary to the policy of our State, and are void."

Does not such a decision give every citizen ground for judging the policy and the methods of the Standard Oil Company?

A year or two later the Attorney-General of Ohio wished to find out whether the decree of the Court cited above had been obeyed, so he brought the officers of the company into the Supreme Court, and the Court ordered the Company to produce its books. About this time sixteen boxes of books were carted away from the Company's office in Cleveland and burned. Threatened with punishment for contempt of court, the officers made oath that the books destroyed were not those wanted by the Court. The Court repeated its demand for the books containing the evidence needed, when the Secretary of the Company made answer, under oath, that he could not produce them—

"Because the books disclose facts and circumstances which may be used against the Standard Oil Company, tending to prove it guilty of offenses made criminal by an act of the Legislature of Ohio.

"Because they disclose facts and circumstances which may be used against myself personally as an officer of said company, tending to prove me guilty of offenses made criminal by the act aforesaid." (History of Standard Oil Case in Supreme Court of Ohio, Part II., p. 248.)

Does The Outlook contend that transactions which are confessed to be criminal by officers of the Standard Oil Company, under oath, are not to be called in question by us, and that the man who is responsible for them, and who has built his fortune by means of them, is not to be judged?

There are a good many other court records which throw light on the history of this Company, but these are sufficient. I am surprised that The Outlook should decline to disapprove Mr. Rockefeller's business methods on the ground that they have never been condemned in court. I understand, of course, that this position was taken on account of a lack of information. I hope that I have given The Outlook reason for reconsidering its judgment on this point.

I would not, however, rest my own condemnation of the Standard Oil Company and its doings on the judgments of the courts. Much that has been within the letter of the law has been no less iniquitous than that which the law has punished. Its high-handed methods of finance, the unscrupulous and brutal way in which it always pushes its interests, with utter disregard to the ordinary principles of business morality, are too flagrant to be ignored. Every day letters from all over the land bring me instances of the kind of practices which have been characteristic of this Company from its origin.

It is probable that through the enormous power which it has acquired as the owner of railroad properties, this group of men, representing what are known as Standard Oil interests, is now exercising a more injurious and oppressive control over the industries of the country than it has ever done at any previous time. All railroad men will testify that "the Standard" is now in a position to get from many if not from most railway directories about what it wants in the way of classification of freights and establish-

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ment of rates. As to this there can be no higher testimony than that of Mr. Charles A. Prouty, a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, who says in the April number of "The World To-Day:"

"Discrimination in the published rate itself *is likely to be much more serious than the rebate.* The great trusts and monopolies exercise to-day such control over railway management that they can adjust rates in their own interest. The Standard Oil Company no longer accepts rebates; *it makes the rates themselves, and the discriminations in its favor are worth enormous sums annually to that monopoly.*"

This form of robbery is probably legal up to date. Is it any less iniquitous because the law has not yet reached it? Are we enjoined from testifying against it because no court has yet condemned it?

All this evidence, which is not hearsay nor rumor, but which is matter of legal and official record, makes it abundantly clear that this great fortune has been built up by the transgression and the evasion of law, and by methods which are at war with the first principles of morality. Are we, as Christians, forbidden to judge this sort of thing? I rather think that it is our first business to be swift witnesses against it. To take that command of our Lord against judging as a sweeping and universal rule is woefully to misinterpret him. Was it not this same Master who poured out his soul in the most scathing denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees who "tithe mint and anise and cummin, but neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and truth;" who "devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers?" Was it not he who with a scourge drove the traffickers from the Temple? Was not that wrath exemplary? Evidently his own brother thought so, for we find him testifying pretty vigorously along this line:

"Go to now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and your silver are rusted; and their rust shall be for a testimony against you, and shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye have laid up your treasure in the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers who mowed your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth out: and the cries of them that reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived delicately on the earth, and taken your pleasure; ye have nourished your hearts in a day of slaughter. Ye have condemned, ye have killed the righteous one; he doth not resist you." (James v. 1–6.)

It seems to be clear that the Christian ethics, as it was understood in those days, not only permitted but required the sharpest kind of judgment upon just such characters and practices as those under consideration.

The maxim "Judge not," addressed to responsible American citizens with reference to their attitude toward public enemies, is certainly misapplied. Should we have bidden the Christians of New York not to judge Tweed or Croker? Should we warn our brethren against judging such iniquities as those that have been practiced in St. Louis and Grand Rapids and Philadelphia? It would make it very comfortable for the malefactors. But the first duty of every citizen is to form clear judgments on all such questions and fearlessly to express them. The only force by which law is made effective in this country is the force of public opinion. It is every man's duty to contribute to the creation of a sound public opinion. And that is only done by forming and uttering judgments on the rightfulness or wrongfulness of policies and practices which affect the general welfare. Instead of telling men that they must not judge with respect to such matters, we ought to tell them that they are bound to judge; that they are guilty of a grave neglect if they fail to judge; that they have no right to plead ignorance or incompetency; that they must know the rights and wrongs of these burning questions, and be able to deal with them intelligently and fearlessly.

It is our duty as a people to judge this gigantic monopoly. The Congregational people must bear their part of this responsibility. Because they are judges they must not accept gifts from those whom they are called to judge.

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It is true that this Company is not the only one now at the bar of judgment. There are others that have learned its nefarious methods only too well, and are engaged to-day in similar schemes by which the railways of the country are used for purposes of robbery.

But this aggregation is first and worst of these spoilers, and the man at the head of it is the incarnation of the spirit and the methods with which the people of the United States have a deadly warfare to wage in the years before us. It is idle to say that we can take this man's money and then turn and fight him. It is not an honorable thing to do. It is not dealing fairly with Mr. Rockefeller. He does not give this money with any such understanding; he would not have given it if he had expected us to set ourselves in array against him.

I trust that I have made it clear to The Outlook that those of us who oppose the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's money not only claim the right to pronounce judgment against him, and what he represents, but that we regard it as a solemn obligation to testify against him as a great enemy of industrial freedom and commercial morality. We do not think that the Christian Church has any more urgent duty now upon her hands than to bear this testimony. And we confidently expect that The Outlook will give us its great aid in making it clear and effective.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Columbus, Ohio.

[See an editorial on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

II.—A Curious Conclusion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The statement in your last number that the action of the protesting ministers who objected to the acceptance of Standard Oil money "violates the fundamental aphorism, Judge not," surprised at least one constant reader. Surely, acceptance involves as definite an act of judgment as refusal—a favorable judgment, since it will distinctly help to maintain Mr. Rockefeller's moral status in the community. On the other hand, the negative attitude of declining to solicit or receive his gifts, logically means not condemnation but uncertainty.

Mr. Rockefeller is not yet convicted of dishonesty. The constant talk as if he were is an exaggeration, natural in view of the evidence before the public, but unfortunate. He is not convicted; but he and his methods are indicted. To accept Standard Oil money is to receive a gift from a man now standing conspicuously at the bar of public opinion. Every one of us should privately hold his verdict in abeyance, availing himself to the full of the blessed permission—for this it is rather than command—"Judge not," and earnestly hoping that the accusers may be in the wrong. But it is a tremendous jump from hoping that a man has not sinned to receiving his benefits; and to say that a charitable construction of possibilities in the case involves the duty of being subsidized by the accused is surely to fall into curious moral confusion. It is not judging a man to let his money alone; it is simply saying that when he is laboring under an indictment which has shocked the whole country the Church of the Truth cannot be under obligation to him till he has either submitted his defense or declared his penitence.

You cite the case of the woman of the town who anointed the feet of the Saviour. Can any one doubt that a passionate penitence prompted that act of love? You cite Zacchæus. We have yet to hear from the Standard Oil Corporation the public announcement, "If we have wrongfully exacted aught from any man, we restore fourfold."

The only question in these cases—and more of them are sure to arise—is this: Is the moral risk greater in refusing or accepting the money? Will the Church, or the College, bear a more unmistakable and powerful witness to honesty and unworldliness with it or without it?

I must not take your space with dis-

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cussion of other interesting points raised in your article.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Boston, Massachusetts.

[According to this, every time a college, church, or missionary or philanthropic society receives money from a man whose methods of making money have been criticised, it approves both him and his methods; while to pick out one donor and refuse his gift lest the money be "tainted" does not condemn him. Surely a curious conclusion.—THE EDITORS.]

III.—Not to the Point

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial entitled "Judge Not," it seems to me a serious omission not to quote Zacchæus's offer to restore fourfold if he had defrauded any man. It reads: "And Zacchæus stood, and said unto the Lord, Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." This offer of restoration, it is obvious, precluded any "rebuke" or inquiry into his past life. On the contrary, so complete was his repentance that the Lord assured him that "To-day is salvation come to thine house." If Mr. Rockefeller had made this same offer, the two cases might be parallel; but, as it is, they are not, and the same assurance could hardly have been made. As to the woman "who was a sinner," she too was deeply penitent, as the narrative shows (Luke vii. 38).

It seems most unfair to give a wholly different *color* to these illustrations—by omission. When Christ ate with sinners, it was to do them *good*. He would hardly have attended the banquet of Mr. Hyde! As to the injunction "Judge not," it seems entirely inapplicable to the case in hand. The public has for years been rendering its verdict against the methods of the "Standard Oil." He who said "Judge not" said also, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fruits of this unscrupulous trust are well known, not only by the hundreds of men driven out of business by it, but by the general public. The burden of judgment, therefore, is *not* laid upon the trustees of benevolent forces in this individual case.

Is not Mr. Rockefeller connected with one of our greatest trusts?

Are not President Roosevelt and all right-minded citizens striking at these corporations that menace the life of the Nation?

Is this the time to shield these merciless destroyers by weak and misleading arguments? Is it not the time for the Church to show its colors? If a half-hearted Christianity approves the methods which Mr. Rockefeller represents, by all means let it accept the one hundred thousand dollars; but the world will laugh it to scorn.

EMMA C. BARRETT.

Chicago, Illinois.

[Why is it so difficult to make the simple position of The Outlook clear? We are not defending the Standard Oil Company nor Mr. Rockefeller. It is the Prudential Committee of the American Board that we are defending from attacks which it seems clear to us are based upon false principles of logic and morals. Churches and benevolent institutions not only have the right to receive, but are bound to receive, money in support of their work from the legal holder of that money, no matter what his character or acts may be, *provided:*

That the gift does not impose or imply a personal indorsement of the donor; or,

That it does not directly or indirectly prevent the recipients, individually or collectively, from doing their duty as men and citizens in openly fighting injustice, selfishness, lawbreaking, and political corruption, in themselves or in their community.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Story of a Russian Workingman[1]

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES FROM THE OUTLOOK'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN RUSSIA

THIS story of a Russian workingman I give you just as nearly as I could get it through the interpreter. The man was a skilled mechanic. It begins so:

When my father and the other men in our village were getting ready to go and fight in the last big war against the Turks, they used to talk out loud on the cold, muddy village street and say, "These Turks are Mohammedans—devils. We must kill them for the Holy Church and for our Little Father—the Czar." What? No—I don't care about killing Mohammedans; they may be just as good fellows as we are. Defend the Church? No—I believe the Church is all bad and rotten. The Little Father? I don't even believe I would care to talk with him. Some of our workmen were taken to him last month, and one of these fellows told me that all the Czar did was to walk out and read very fast a paper which some one else had written. He read it as we boys used to read in school. His face did not look half so intelligent as the face of our boss in the factory.

Yes, that's so. There has been a big change between me and my father. Well, I will tell all I can remember. Perhaps that will show you why I changed.

My grandfather was a peasant in Riazan. In 1861 they told him he was emancipated. I have read that in America about that same time you were emancipating the negroes. I don't know how it worked in America, but here with my grandfather they just said, "Well, you are free. Now get off this land." Later they showed him a very poor little strip of land and said he could rent it of the Czar. But this land was poor, and before feeding his family from it he had to pay the Czar both rent and taxes. After a few years my grandfather thought this freedom was no good.

He decided to try factory work. So they left that little village, where our family had lived for perhaps a thousand years. The whole family walked behind the two piled-up wagons for many days to a big town of twenty-two thousand people in the Province of Moscow. Here freedom was still worse. My grandfather made such low wages in the big locomotive mills that my grandmother (aged thirty), my mother (aged fourteen), and my uncle (aged seven), all had to help. My mother has often told me about this work. Every morning in the dark, at four o'clock, her mother would shake her; then they would shake my uncle, who was so small that he only cried and rubbed his eyes and fell back asleep again. To keep him from doing this they learned the clever trick of first putting a piece of black bread to his mouth and then shaking him awake. As he was always hungry, the smell of the bread made him decide not to fall back asleep. And before he could gulp it down they had him awake. Well, by five o'clock they were all ready; they put him on a little sled and pulled him off along the street, which on cloudy mornings was pitch dark. The sun rose two hours after he got in the factory and it set two hours before he came out. You say it is hard that my uncle, aged seven, never saw any sun. But look here; sunlight is not so important as black bread and meat soup, and he got these by losing the sunlight. As wages my grandmother got five rubles ($2.50) a month, my mother three, and my uncle two. The bad part was the dust. You see, their work was to sharpen needles; it was a needle factory. From the grindstones dust flew up, and from this dust many of the children began to cough and died.

My uncle lived, though, and so did my

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mother. At fifteen she married my father. By law the bride must be eighteen, but my mother, as many do, paid for a false passport.

A few months later I was born. In a few years I began to look around. The workmen's district was between the town and the big factories. It was like a very big, crowded village of many houses and huts, most of them only one story high. On one side of us ran the wide old highway, on the other was the railroad from Petersburg to Moscow. Crooked alleys and paths ran between. Most of the houses were about forty feet long by thirty wide, one floor high, and four big rooms. In the front room lived the owner and his family; in each of the other two rooms was a family, and if the family was too small for the room they took lodgers. The fourth room was the kitchen, where all three families cooked on the big, wide brick stove. For such a room you paid five rubles ($2.50) a month.

The food was black bread, cabbage, potatoes, and meat. It was good enough. It had been much worse before, when the owner of the needle factory, one of the richest men in Russia, paid his factory people only in vodka, bread, and other things. You got these things at his store. The prices of all things were higher in his store than in other stores. Many of the peasants said, "Let us make him give us our pay in money." My father was one of these, and he got put out of the factory. But later the owner gave in and paid in money, and so times got better. My father then worked very hard, for he wanted to send me and my brother to school when we grew old enough. My mother, too, was very anxious that I should not go to the factory as soon as my uncle had.

Their plans were nearly spoiled. For my father was taken to fight the Turks. He was glad to go, and thought he was doing a fine thing. But now my old grandmother and my mother both had to take us and go out to the fields and work all summer from five in the morning to six or seven at night; and then in winter they must come back to the town and work hard in the factory. Those were bad times. Often we had to go and ask for charity. I began to hate the war. Since then war makes me think of my grandmother begging.

My father came back greatly changed. He told us that all people must either command or be commanded. He felt that in our one room he was the captain and we were the soldiers. He shouted army sayings about and gave out army punishments. My mother used to cry when he beat her and say, "The army has spoiled him."

But he worked hard. I did not have to go to the factory, as most of the boys did. When nine years old, I was sent to school. This was meant to make us ready for factory work, by reading, writing, arithmetic, and drawing; but we learned almost nothing. Most of our teachers were poor teachers from poor peasant village schools; one had been a shoemaker. They did not know about teaching; they did not think out their own ways; all they did was to read right through the books. All they made us do was to say every paragraph in the books over and over again until the words stuck in our heads. We were not taught how to do our own thinking. They themselves had been taught to be little pieces of a great machine—the bureaucracy; just as my father had been taught to be a piece of the army. This rich bureaucracy had no money to give the people enough of even these poor schools. Although we who went were only part of the boys in town, there was not even room for us. We knew we were learning nothing, and we did not care; no one taught us to care; so we just fought the teachers and played tricks, and when caught got beaten very hard.

Besides this education we were taught religion. Our teacher was an old priest, who taught us for two hours on two days a week. He was a tall old man, very stupid, and proud of his many religious clothes, and also very irritable. What he taught us was like the other education—only worse. He said that every part of his clothes meant something about God, so he made us learn all this and tell him the names of his clothes and how he put them on and when and why. When we could not remember, he used to call us young devils, and beat us

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over the back. He never talked much about God, but only about church things —what we were to do in church, when, and how.

But when I grew older I began to think more about the things I saw. At night I saw a good many bad things. There were many tracters (tea-houses), where they sold beer and vodka; in these places were women with fancy clothes, and here the workmen came by hundreds, to drink and sing all night, and use up all their pay. You see, most of these men had been peasants. Their wives had had no very fancy clothes. It works that way with most peasants. When they first become workmen they become bad drunkards.

I left school at sixteen, and began work at twenty-five kopecks (thirteen cents) a day. I was in one of the largest mills in Russia. They made locomotives for the railroads which were beginning to be built all over. They employed eight thousand men.

This was all different from the church and the school. It made me think. I was in a big building with a dirty glass roof. All around me were machines and engines, drilling and planing and pounding the iron and steel; steam was hissing; big leather belts slid along in the air, looking very quiet, but strong enough to kill you in a second if you got caught. Big wheels turned; furnaces, red hot, made spots of the air warm. My machine was a bolt-screwing machine from England. All I had to do was to shove in bolts all day. But I kept watching this machine and other machines, and so got thinking.

In a year I was thinking not only about machines, but about that old school and the church. I began to be sorry that my teachers had been so bad; I got some different books and began to read a little in our room at night, only for half or three-quarters of an hour, for after that our family got in bed. I made up my mind that the Church had only an outside—no inside. I decided to leave it alone. One morning at five o'clock, when I got out of bed, I did not cross myself. My father and mother, my young brother, my two sisters, and my grandmother, all did. Only my youngest sister saw me. She said nothing. The next morning she saw again that I did not cross myself. Then she told my mother. My father was angry. We talked very hard. He called me a heretic, and told how, when I died, I must go among the devils. But it was as I had thought. He had no good reasons to give me, for he had never thought out these things. He had never even prayed to God, but only to images. He and my mother had only performed ceremonies. They knew nothing about the insides of these ceremonies. So they soon got quiet and let me alone.

I went on watching machines and thinking things out. I had plenty of time, for we all worked very slow. You see our factory administration was made up of men who had been nobles and who knew nothing about work. I did not see then, but I do see now, that there was a big waste of time. Take my case. I was called a fast boy. I moved from one machine to another, and in three years my wage had risen from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty kopecks (seventy-five cents) a day. I was a skilled and fast workman getting the highest wages—and yet I worked slow. At my machine I could make seventy or even eighty bolts a day, but why should I? The rules of the administration said, "Five kopecks for each bolt"—eighty bolts would make four hundred kopecks a day. This I would have been glad to do. But the administration had also this rule—"No workman of this bolt-screwing class shall have more than one hundred and fifty kopecks a day." So if I made over thirty bolts a day I was working for nothing. And so we all worked slow, and stopped to talk and smoke, because no one wants to work for nothing. The master of our room did not care either, for he got the same wage no matter how fast we worked; he got no extra money if he made us work faster.

At twenty-one I was called to the army. The army spoils four good work years for all men except those who are only sons of old, sick parents. Even such men were taken this year and killed in Manchuria. All these millions of spoiled work years make one good reason why Russia is so poor. Another

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reason is that most factory administrations were like that first one I worked under. We Russians must all stop the army and work twice as fast and get paid twice as much.

Yes, you are right; I am getting away from my story. Well, at twenty-one I was taken to a little town a long way from ours, and there I was trained and drilled hard for a month. About fifty new men arrived there with me, and four days afterward all of us, new ones and old ones, were called into the big field and made to stand up very straight with hands to the sides like wooden men. Then out marched a fat old priest with a cross and a holy book. A man carried a desk out. The holy book was put on the desk, and then the priest read a prayer very fast. After this he read the long oath of loyalty to the Czar. This we all repeated after him together—just as we school-boys used to repeat the book paragraphs. Then the old soldiers all presented arms and we were marched away. In Russia every man must do this and so be made a loyal subject.

Well, I was lucky. I had something the matter with one knee, and so they would not take me for the army.

I went back to work. One good thing about factory work is that a man travels from town to town and sees how things are managed everywhere. This makes him think much more than if he had stayed a peasant in one village all his life. For two years I worked in Moscow, first in a big railroad supply factory, and then in the central electric manufactory. In this last place I got two books and read all I could about electricity, and kept watching all the machines. Besides this I went around the city at night. It was a good thing to be with hundreds of thousands of workmen, all together. We got talking and thinking. Most of my new friends had also been in small towns or had even been peasants. They had fine stories to tell, most of them just comical stories. I don't believe you would want to write down some of them; but many were also stories about the army, the church, and the bureaucracy—stories of army beatings, of church ceremonies, of bureaucrat stealings. All were a little funny; sometimes *just* a little. There were thousands of such stories being told, and all mixed up together in the factory crowds. I began to see that many of these stories were just like each other.

Then I came here to Petersburg. I left my old father and mother back in the old town. I had made a good deal of money in Moscow by often working with the night gang too—three rubles ($1.55) a day; and so I could afford to give the old people money and have them send my younger brother and my two sisters to school. Both the boy and the girls will learn something, and so be better workers when they go in the factory. The girls? Yes, they all will work in the factory. My wife did, here in Petersburg, but she does not now. I married her three years ago, when I was twenty-six. I then worked hard from six in the morning till six at night, with an hour for dinner; and then I often worked nights with the night gang till ten o'clock. I made one hundred rubles ($50) a month.

We had a little room and made some big plans. My wife is very pretty and clever. She borrowed all kinds of books from the public library. We used to read some evenings. We could not get the books of the new writers in the library. Gorky's books are not allowed there, and can only be bought in stores for one ruble each; but in spite of this most workmen know his books better than the old ones. There is not a factory where some workman cannot tell you a Gorky story. Perhaps he has not read it, but then some other man has told it to him.

But the big point of my story is the factory. There is no use in making plans for your wife and books and baby that will come soon, unless you have more and more money. So I worked always harder. You remember in my first factory they worked too slow. Well, here it is different. Here our boss is paid a commission on all he can make out of us. He pays us not by time but by piece. You say this is the American way. Well, it is a fine way, except that there is some wrong point in it.

Some years ago my boss said to me:

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"For every bolt you make we pay three kopecks. Now, you are a fast man. Why don't you make more money? You can make more than all the other men." So I worked faster. In a few weeks I was making one hundred and fifty bolts a day—four and a half rubles ($2.25) a day. Then the gentlemen who directed the factory said, "Oh, this is too much for so simple a fellow." So they decided to pay a lower price for each bolt. They did.

But the baby had come, and I worked still faster. The other men had to keep as close behind me as they could, and so they all worked faster. Then again I got up to $2.25 a day. Again they said, "Oh, this is too much for so simple a fellow." They decided to lower the price again on each bolt. But they could not again so soon, for the Government allows only one change in prices every year. But employers in Russia are very clever. The men who worked not so fast as me were now called "helpers." Well, what is a helper? He is not even a workman. You can lower the price for him still more. And so it goes. In a few years this clever boss who gets a commission, he has made us work faster and faster, while our wages stayed the same. Only a few of us are making more money—a little more, perhaps fifteen per cent. But even for us it is bad to have so many others working cheaper. Some of them may any day do our work for still lower wages.

Now, what are you going to do about this? It is right to keep always working faster; I want no more of the old slow factories; they are all over Russia and are very bad for this country. But look here—when I keep working faster I want to get paid more and more. And how can this be if the employers keep lowering the price for each bolt I make? And who wants to stop them from lowering the price? Only the workmen. If we don't stop them, no one else will. So we must have more and more labor unions.

We must have unions without police in our meetings. We must be allowed to have meetings whenever we want. In these meetings they must let us talk about anything we want.

We can all see now that we want a great many things. For ever since we came into factories we have been making unions even against the law. Most of these unions were only three or four or five men who talked in the factory all through the dinner hour, or standing together in the evening on a corner, or else in a room like mine, where my wife can give them fine tea.

My wife is very pretty and clever and can read well.

What was I speaking about? Oh, yes—the little unions. You see, with so small a group on the street you can keep your heads close together, and if another head gets too close and you think it is a spy's head you can push it away.

In these little unions—thousands of them in all the Russian cities—everybody has had his stories to tell about bad schools, bad churches, the army, and the bureaucracy. These stories are well mixed together now, and we know what we want. We want no more wars or bureaucrats. We want a constitution with our rights written down on paper and then printed so we can all know them. We want to vote, and to make whatever laws we feel we need. This is the only way we can get along with our employers—when we have free unions of our own and can make laws and can have strikes. I think that later on we shall have regular commissioners whom we will elect to keep always discussing with the employers these questions about prices of bolts and other things. I believe that by always having these commissioners we might keep from having strikes.

No, I have never learned much about Socialism. I don't care about it. All I know is that we must just keep getting more and more wages, more and more rights, and have more and more to say about running things in the factories and in the Government and everywhere—until—well, I have not thought that far ahead. There is no use in trying to think so far.

My old father got my brother to write me a letter last week. Since Port Arthur my father has changed his mind about the army and the Czar too.

St. Petersburg, Russia.

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THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR[1]

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

VI.—The Second Attempt to Storm the Forts

WHEN we got back to our cold and cheerless room in Liukiaton, on the evening after the general bombardment, we were so tired from our eight-mile walk, and from standing all day on the hills, that by the time we had finished dinner we were quite ready to go to bed. Mr. Curtis, however, with more resolution than I had given him credit for, put on a thick overcoat and sat down in the grandfather's chair to write up his notes. I crawled under my blankets on the "kang," thinking that before going to work I would rest a little and get warm; but the rest and warmth were so soothing and comfortable that in less than ten minutes I went fast asleep. I was aroused, some hours later, by a tremendous explosion, which shook the sashes of the windows and seemed fairly to lift up the roof of the house. The Japanese had got in position a new siege gun—a big piece of naval ordnance—which made twice as much noise as the 11-inch howitzers. Hooking up the hinged window and looking at my watch in the light of the declining moon, I found that it was four o'clock. Active fighting, apparently, was going on at the front. Through the stillness of the quiet hour before daybreak I could hear, in the direction of Ehrlungshan, the sputter and crackle of rifle fire, blended with the measured pom! pom! pom! pom! of quick-firers, the intermittent drumming of machine guns, and the louder explosions of heavy cannon and hand-grenades. The Russians were making the last of three or four attempts to recapture the outworks in front of Sungshushan and Ehrlungshan which the Japanese had taken the day before. After listening for ten minutes to the sounds of battle, and watching the play of searchlights over the hills south of headquarters, I closed the window and tried to get to sleep; but the heavy jarring reports of the big naval gun, which continued to fire at intervals, kept me awake until our Chinese landlord and his wife got up and began cutting cornstalks for the donkeys and mules.

When, after breakfast, we went over to headquarters to get the latest news, we learned that fighting in front of Sungshushan and Ehrlungshan had continued throughout the night, but that all the Russian attempts to retake the captured outworks had failed. In a telegram to the Czar, dated Port Arthur, October 28, and sent via Chefoo, General Stoessel reported that these positions were still in the possession of his troops; but he was misinformed or did not tell the truth. The Sungshushan redoubt and the Ehrlungshan intrenchment were both taken on the afternoon of the 26th, and although the Russians made repeated attempts to recover them, both were successfully held. I could not learn what it cost the Japanese to storm these strong outworks; but, according to General Stoessel, the Russians, in defending them, lost seventy-one killed and about four hundred wounded, including nine officers. The loss of the Japanese was probably much greater, and might have been three or four times as great if their splendidly accurate artillery fire had not kept the garrisons of the neighboring forts under cover and thus prevented them from taking part in the engagement. The capture and retention of these two positions was of vital importance to the Japanese, for the reason that they intended, on the 30th, to make another attempt to carry Port Arthur by

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storm, and they could not assault Sungshushan and Ehrlungshan, with any prospect of success, until they had taken the outworks of these big forts and pushed trenches close up to the counterscarps of their moats. The heavy loss that they suffered in the August assault was largely due to the great distance that their troops had to charge under fire, and they evidently intended to begin their second attack as near as possible to the enemy's fortified line.

The information given us at headquarters led us to believe that the bombardment of the 27th and 28th would not differ, essentially, from that of the 26th, and as the weather had suddenly turned cold, with a strong wind from the north, we decided that we would not go to 229-Meter Hill—a walk of three or four miles—but would seek some place of observation that was nearer and less exposed. We therefore set out, about the middle of the forenoon, for a hill southeast of our village which we afterward came to know as the "Sandbag Battery Hill," from the fact that there was an abandoned Russian gun position on its summit. The flanks of this long barren ridge were scored with Russian rifle trenches, and I noticed, as we crossed them, that they were much deeper and better made than any trenches that I had yet seen of the Japanese. The latter, in their advance southward through the peninsula, dug their trenches and rifle-pits very carelessly and hastily, so that, often, they were little more than shallow ditches. "What's the use of wasting labor?" they said to one another. "We shall be further along to-morrow;" and, as a matter of fact, they generally were. The Japanese soldier, moreover, is not, by nature or inclination, a trench fighter. He is always ready to take the initiative, and would much rather attack in the open than wait for his enemy in a ditch. The Russians, on the other hand, are less enterprising and self-confident, and as they rely more on their defenses they make them with greater care. All their rifle-trenches north of Port Arthur were deep—four feet and a half to five feet, as a rule—and had perpendicular sides like those of a grave. At the right hand of every man's position there was a little ledge, or shelf, for ammunition, and in what may be called the counterscarp wall—the wall next the enemy—there were deep niches, in which the men could sit and be almost perfectly protected from the hailing bullets of shrapnel. I have never seen such shelters in the trenches of the Japanese, but I have wished for them more than once when shrapnel cases were exploding with sharp bangs overhead, filling the upper air with blue curls of smoke and pelting the earth with showers of descending bullets.

When we reached the summit of the hill, we found a rectangular semi-inclosure of earth and sand-bags which offered some shelter from the cold north wind; and, sitting down behind its wall, we watched again the slow but effective bombardment of the Russian forts. From this point of view we could see distinctly two of the Japanese howitzer batteries, which were hurling big shells into the east fort and the north fort of Keekwanshan. Both batteries were firing very slowly, but their projectiles went to the mark with never-failing accuracy and precision, and threw up, when they burst, huge mud-colored geysers of earth and stones. None of the forts that were under fire attempted to reply, but the gunners in other Russian positions, particularly those on Itzushan, tried for hours to find the Japanese "babies," and to disable them with heavy shells. They never succeeded. The cradles in which the "babies" lay were so deep and so perfectly sheltered by hills that it was extremely difficult to drop shells into them; and, as I have before said, the heavy Russian guns were not so well mounted as those of the Japanese, nor so skillfully served. In the whole course of the siege only two of the big Japanese howitzers were put out of action by the enemy's fire. It pays, in the long run, to do things well, and if the officers and men of the Third Army had not carried on their siege operations with scientific thoroughness, as well as with courage—if they had not laid down tramways, hung up a network of telephone wires, established observing stations on commanding hills, and mounted their big siege guns not only in positions of safety, but on emplacements solid enough to insure

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perfect accuracy of fire—they would not have been able to reduce and capture in four months "the most impregnable of all first-class fortresses."

After watching the bombardment for two hours or more from the sand-bag battery, we returned to Liukiaton for luncheon. In the afternoon Mr. Curtis, who had been studying an old English work on fortification, and had become much interested in the art of intrenchment, set out alone to climb a high hill, a mile or two northeast of the village, where he thought there was an abandoned Russian fort. The climb was a very steep and difficult one, and long before he reached the summit his handkerchief was wet with perspiration that he had wiped from his heated face. In order to dry it he took it by two corners and held it in the wind like a flag, never thinking that it would attract attention, or that it might be regarded by the Japanese as a signal to the Russian gunners. This, however, was precisely the explanation that suggested itself to an officer in a neighboring village, who had been watching the climber through a powerful field-glass, and had taken note of all his movements. Half a company of troops was immediately sent out to surround the hill and capture the man in foreign dress who seemed to be making signals to the Russian forts; and before it even dawned upon Mr. Curtis that he was an object of suspicion, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a squad of soldiers, who charged upon him at a run with fixed bayonets. If he had tried to escape, he would probably have been shot; but his knowledge of Japanese gave him confidence, and he stood his ground. He was promptly taken into custody and conducted to the village from which he had first been seen. There he introduced himself to the Japanese officer who had ordered out the troops, and explained that he had climbed the hill to examine an old Russian intrenchment; and that when he was supposed to be making signals to the Russian forts he was merely trying to dry a perspiration-soaked handkerchief by holding it in the wind. The Japanese officer got out a bottle of wine and apologized pleasantly for his suspicion, but suggested, nevertheless, that the next time Mr. Curtis thought of going to an unfrequented hilltop to study fortification it might be well to notify the authorities of his intention and explain to them the English method of drying a damp handkerchief.

On the morning of October 29 the horizon of the Russians was brightened by a gleam, at least, of success. Appreciating fully the danger of allowing the Japanese to push their trenches forward from the positions seized by them on the 26th, the garrisons of Sungshushan and Ehrlungshan made a fierce sortie before daybreak, and attacked with rifles and hand-grenades the outworks that they had lost three days earlier and had tried several times to recapture. Although the Japanese were taken more or less by surprise, they fought with stubborn determination, and succeeded in repulsing the Ehrlungshan garrison with heavy loss. In front of Sungshushan, however, they were not so fortunate. The Russians, at the beginning of the siege, were plentifully supplied with small oval hand-grenades, which were made of iron and were exploded by means of short fuses. I presume they were intended to be thrown over the parapet of a fort into the moat when a storming party had effected a lodgment therein; but they were also used in offensive operations, and particularly in sorties and trench fighting, where they proved to be very effective. I do not think that the Japanese infantry were equipped with these missiles when they first invested Port Arthur, but, taking the suggestion from the Russians, they soon began to make them, by filling tin cases with Shimose powder; and at the end of October the troops in the advanced trenches had a few. When the Russians charged the Sungshushan redoubt, in the early morning of the 29th, they almost annihilated the Japanese garrison with hand-grenades. The defending force comprised only a single company—about 230 men—and after more than three-fourths of them had been killed or wounded, the survivors retreated to their trenches to await reinforcements, and the Russians reoccupied the redoubt. The Japanese officer in command told me afterward that if his men had had plenty of hand-grenades he thought they

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would have been able to hold the position; but their supply soon became exhausted, while that of the Russians seemed to be unlimited; and in storming operations and trench fighting, hand-bombs proved to be more effective than rifles.

I do not know whether Lieutenant Oata became aware, or not, that the enemy had recaptured the Sungshushan redoubt and that the Japanese were about to make another assault upon it; but on the morning of the 29th he came over to our house and suggested that we should all go again to 229-Meter Hill to watch operations. The bombardment that day was almost certain to be heavy, and "something might happen." We put up luncheon as usual, and, taking one of our Japanese boys along to carry our canteens, haversacks, and heavy overcoats, we started on the long tramp across plowed fields to the hill. When we reached the summit, we found that the bombardment was proceeding with great vigor. All of the siege howitzers and most of the naval guns were in action, and the brown Russian ridge east of the railroad looked as if it were covered with small volcanic craters which exploded at intervals in eruptions of smoke, dust, and stones.

As the day advanced, the cannonade became more and more furious, and at two o'clock, when it seemed to have reached its climax, a storming party from General Nakamura's independent brigade—a part of the First Division—threw itself upon the Sungshushan redoubt. As the fighting was almost wholly in trenches, we could see very little of it, even from our elevated point of view; but it was evident, from the crackle of rifles, the explosions of hand-grenades, and the heavy artillery fire on both sides, that a desperate struggle was in progress on the slope of the Sungshushan hill. Shortly after the attack began, two of the enemy's batteries in the Shuishi valley (one in the walled barrack numbered 26 on my sketch map published in The Outlook of April 8, and the other in an intrenchment just south of it) opened fire, with shrapnel, on the Japanese trenches. The Russians believed, evidently, that these trenches were filled with men pressing forward to support the attack on the redoubt, and they intended to kill as many of them as possible. For ten minutes they kept the air full of blue shrapnel clouds, and the dry ground underneath was almost hidden from sight in the yellow dust raised by the pelting storm of descending bullets. With the imperfect knowledge of shrapnel that I then had, it seemed to me that, in such a downpour of leaden hail, every man in the trenches must inevitably perish; and if I had expressed in words the excited feeling in my heart, I should have shouted, from our distant mountain, too, "Can't somebody, somewhere, open on those infernal batteries and knock them out!" Somebody could, and somebody did. From the Japanese officer who was directing operations in the valley, or from the headquarters of General Nogi on the hilltop where we were, a telephonic order to silence the Russian guns was sent to a siege howitzer battery concealed somewhere in the hills to the westward, and in less than five minutes volcanic bombs half as big as barrels began to drop into the Russian gun positions with the most beautiful precision, and to explode there with heart-satisfying destructiveness. The shrapnel fire instantly ceased, and as the walled inclosure of the barrack gradually filled with the brownish smoke of bursting shells, I wanted to shout triumphantly from our hilltop, "*Now* how do you feel!" In the fierce excitement of battle, even though one be a mere spectator, one forgets that exploding shells mean shattered bodies, gasping breaths, blood, agony, and "hell." One thinks only of the shifting phases and desperate chances of the fight, and hopes only that his own side will win.

While the siege howitzers were silencing the shrapnel batteries a terrible and bloody fight was going on inside and outside the redoubt. Both sides used rifles, hand-grenades, and bayonets, and the storm finally became a hand-to-hand mêlée in which every man fought for himself and killed where he could. The Japanese were greatly humiliated by the loss of the redoubt only ten hours before, and they were determined to retake it or die trying. The Russians fought with unshrinking courage, but with stead-

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ily diminishing chances of success. They found that they could not possibly keep the Japanese outside of the earthwork, and after losing three or four hundred men—most of them in close-range fighting—they finally gave way and retreated to the fort, leaving behind them more than a hundred dead. Two weeks later I visited the scene of this action and was shown the Russian rifles that the Japanese had picked up in the redoubt. Almost every one of them had been pierced by a bullet, smashed by a hand-grenade, or spattered with blood. They offered conclusive proof—if proof were needed—that the struggle for the Sungshushan redoubt was a fight to a finish. The Japanese themselves lost three hundred men—a very large percentage of the force that it was possible to bring into action in trench-fighting. The redoubt never changed hands again. It had been taken and retaken three times, and finally remained in possession of the Japanese.

At half-past two o'clock, when the fight for the redoubt ended, the cannonade perceptibly slackened. The Russian gunners in Itzushan and Antzushan bombarded, in a desultory way, the position that the Japanese had just reoccupied; an invisible battery in some part of the enemy's line exchanged shots at three-minute intervals with the naval guns on the hill just below us, and our big siege howitzers continued to pound away at the silent forts east of the railway; but in the storming of the Sungshushan redoubt the excitement of the day culminated. As our interest in the proceedings gradually waned we became conscious that we were half perishing from cold. The long walk across the valley and the steep climb up a seven-hundred-foot hill had dampened our underclothing with perspiration, and when we came out on the summit we were exposed to a piercing wind from the north which went through our cloth overcoats as if they had been made of gauze and chilled us to the marrow of our bones. We tried repeatedly to escape from this wind and get the warmth of the sun by going fifty yards down the southern slope of the hill, but in so doing we merely exchanged one evil for another. Before we had been twenty minutes in the new position a Russian shell, aimed at the Japanese naval battery in front of us, would strike the hillside below or go whistling and hurtling overhead, and then we would climb back to the side of the mountain that was exposed to the wind but was sheltered from the Russian fire. It is impossible to dodge an approaching shell, because you can neither see it nor tell where it is going to strike; but if you are on the crest of a knife-edged mountain you have time enough to drop down under cover after you begin to hear the hurtling sound of ducks' wings or the tearing of aerial silk a quarter of a mile away. Three times in as many hours we were shelled off the sunny side of the mountain and forced—or at least persuaded—to go back into the bitterly cold wind that swept the summit.

I noticed with interest that the off-duty Japanese soldiers—twenty or more in number—who were our companions on the hill got out of the way of Russian shells with quite as much alacrity as we did. Every one of them, doubtless, would have volunteered if a "certain-death party" were being made up to storm a Russian fort; but when it came to taking unnecessary and perfectly useless risk, they all behaved precisely as reasonable human beings from the Occident would have behaved in similar circumstances. The fact is of interest, perhaps, in its bearing upon the oft-repeated statement that Japanese courage is "Oriental" and "fatalistic." As a matter of fact, it does not differ in any essential respect from Anglo-Saxon courage, and has its roots in a thoughtful appreciation of duty, a keen sensitiveness to personal dishonor, and an ardent love of country. It is no more "fatalistic" than the courage of the three hundred who rode "into the mouth of hell" at Balaclava, or of the men who charged up Kettle Hill and the battery-crowned heights of San Juan. There is a wide gulf of difference between the bravery of a fatalist, who is indifferent to risk because he believes that the day of his death is predetermined, and the bravery of a Japanese, who avoids unnecessary and useless risk, but is ready and glad to die for duty, honor, and country.

On our way down from the hill about

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four o'clock we had an example of Oriental courage of another sort, viz., courage that is based on familiarity with a particular kind of danger and upon an intelligent calculation of chances. In the valley just back of the hill a Chinese farmer was plowing. A big Russian shell from a battery on the slope of Wangtai came hurtling over the top of the range and struck in the field, not more than a hundred yards from the plowman and his team. I expected to see him drop his plow-handles and run for a place of safety, or at least give up work for the day and get out of the danger zone; but he paid no more attention to the projectile than to a bird alighting in one of his furrows. Four big shells, to my certain knowledge, struck in his particular field that afternoon, but he kept at his work long after we left the neighborhood. In subsequent weeks I saw scores of Chinamen attending to business of one sort or another within the zone of the Russian fire, but only in a single instance did I see them run from a place of danger. They had all watched the siege of Port Arthur for months; they had become familiar with shells, and they had discovered that hundreds of these missiles fell for every man that was hurt by them. They had finally come to regard them very much as a farmer regards lightning. It is undoubtedly dangerous, but the chances are a hundred to one that it will not strike a particular man in a particular field. In the whole course of my stay in front of Port Arthur I heard of only two Chinamen who had been killed by Russian shells, and yet hundreds of them worked every day in places where they might be hit. In certain positions—directly behind Japanese batteries, for example—the risk is unquestionably great; but chance shells in the open fields cause little uneasiness even to a Chinaman.

When we got back to Liukiaton, about five o'clock in the afternoon, we were warm from the long walk; but the temperature of the house was only twelve or fifteen degrees above the freezing point, and as soon as the reaction came from the glow of exercise, we were so cold that Mr. Curtis walked the floor, while I took refuge under my blankets. Toku tried to warm the room by bringing in an improvised hibachi, or Japanese brazier, made out of an old zinc pail; but the fumes of the burning charcoal gave me a violent, throbbing headache, and I finally had to go to bed before I had finished writing up my notes.

When I got up Sunday morning, after a wretchedly uncomfortable night, I felt more like inquiring for the nearest hospital than like walking four miles and climbing a seven-hundred-foot hill; but we had every reason to believe that the Japanese expected to carry Port Arthur by storm that day, and when Lieutenant Oata came to our house and informed us that the general assault would begin at one o'clock, I made up my mind that I must get to the front, even if I had to be carried there. Through Toku, who spoke a little Chinese, I succeeded in hiring a small Manchurian donkey and a boy to look after him, and, putting on three undershirts and an ulster to keep out, as far as possible, the cold northerly wind, I threw one leg over a common wooden packsaddle, and, with feet nearly touching the ground, rode away across the valley, the boy shouting, "Woh! Woh!" or "Preé-yey-eé-yey-eé-yey!" to the donkey as he guided him along the tortuous paths that intersected the plowed fields. In combination with the long-eared little beast that I bestrode, I presented, doubtless, a very extraordinary and ridiculous appearance; but if I could get to 229-Meter Hill without becoming tired or overheated, I hoped that I should suffer less from standing five or six hours in the cold wind on the summit.

When, after a fatiguing climb, we reached the crest of the range, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the artillery fire on both sides was very heavy and continuous, and the four square flags that gave notice of a general engagement were flying from the signal staff on Golden Hill. The Japanese, during the night, had pushed their trenches forward all along the line, and in front of Sungshushan, Ehrlungshan, and the two Keekwan forts they seemed to be within one hundred and fifty feet of the moats. I could detect no movement of troops in any part of the field,

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but Lieutenant Oata assured us that the advanced trenches and parallels were full of men ready to begin the assault.

Shortly after noon the fire of the Japanese batteries became more and more rapid and intense; the Russians, foreseeing, evidently, that a crisis was at hand, responded vigorously from a dozen forts and gun positions; and the air fairly trembled with the booming of heavy ordnance, the sharper bangs of exploding shells, and the hurtling, whistling, or moaning of all sorts of flying projectiles as they crossed the valley between the hostile positions. At ten minutes of one, when all the smaller Japanese guns suddenly opened on the Russian forts with shrapnel, in order to prevent their garrisons from assembling to repel the impending assault, the bombardment, as a spectacle, was finer than anything that we had yet seen. In every part of the Russian line volcanic craters were throwing up fire, dust, and stones, and in the brownish smoke of these eruptions blue shrapnel clouds formed with such rapidity and in such immense numbers that it was impossible to count them, even over a single position. The North Keekwan fort, which seemed to be the focus of converging streams of projectiles from a dozen Japanese batteries, almost disappeared from sight in clouds of smoke, and I estimated that in every ten seconds of time at least twenty shrapnel cases burst over the ragged wall of its front parapet.

At seven minutes past one, when this terrific bombardment was at its height, the Japanese assaulted, simultaneously, six different positions, extending over a semicircular line a mile and a half in length, from the big fort of Sungsushan to the east fort of Keekwan. I had no information concerning the Japanese plans, and my ideas with regard to the nature and strength of the assault were extremely vague, but I certainly expected that the Russian positions would be attacked by at least five thousand—possibly ten thousand—men. Great, therefore, was my surprise when a mere handful of infantry—not more, apparently, than a single company—climbed out of the fork-shaped trench on the slope of Sungshushan, and, deploying in open order, charged up the hill at a run, under a destructive hail of Russian shrapnel. Some of the men carried sand-bags with which to make a shelter on the edge of the moat, and a few dragged after them light bamboo scaling-ladders; but the capture of the fort by such an insignificant force seemed to me so utterly hopeless and impossible that I watched the assault with feelings of mingled excitement, disappointment, and grief. Before the storming party reached a triple line of wire entanglement, about fifty feet below the fort, more than half of them had been killed by rifle fire, shrapnel, and the explosion of a big Russian mine; but the survivors struggled on, and, after cutting a passageway through the entanglement, about fifty men succeeded in reaching the edge of the moat. There they seemed to be surprised, or bewildered, and after running back and forth along the counterscarp for two or three minutes, all who remained on their feet rushed down the hill and jumped into the shelter of the trenches. The whole action did not last more than ten minutes, and ended, so far as I could see, in a disastrous repulse. I learned, subsequently, that the assaulting party numbered only two hundred and thirty men, and that all but nineteen of them were killed or wounded. The attack, however, was not so absolutely fruitless as I supposed. A few men threw themselves down, on the edge of the moat, behind the sand-bags that they carried, and, working rapidly and skillfully with their intrenching tools, made a shelter which they succeeded in holding. Later in the day fifty men were sent to their support; in the course of the night a trench was dug up to them, and they were never afterward dislodged. The net result, therefore, of this particular assault was a bare foothold on the counterscarp of the Sungshushan moat.

Owing to the wide extent of the field of operations, I found it practically impossible to follow closely, through a glass, the movements of all the attacking columns. While I was watching one, another would make its charge and fail, or would occupy some position and instantly disappear in the Russian trenches

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that it had captured. It was difficult, also, to distinguish the men who had been killed or wounded from the men who had merely thrown themselves down, under slight cover, and were awaiting a favorable opportunity for another rush. Three-fourths of the column that charged the north fort of Keekwan were apparently killed by shrapnel in less than five minutes; but I could not be sure that all the prostrate figures on the hillside were really disabled or dead. It was perfectly evident, however, that the attempt to storm the fort was a failure. Only a handful of men reached the moat, and in less than ten minutes all of them who remained on their feet streamed back down the hill and disappeared in the advanced trenches. The columns that assaulted Ehrlungshan and the east Keekwan fort I could not see; but inasmuch as the Japanese batteries continued to bombard those positions, I concluded that they were still in the enemy's possession. So far as I could judge from my own observation, only one of the six simultaneous attacks was completely successful, and that was the one made by a small detachment of the Ninth Division upon the P Fort—a semi-permanent earthwork situated between East Panlungshan and North Keekwan. The men who charged this intrenchment dropped out of sight near the crest of the ridge, and as none of them came back, I presumed that they were able to hold the captured position.

At two o'clock the battle was apparently over. The slopes of Sungshushan and North Keekwan were sprinkled with the bodies of Japanese dead, but I could not see a living man in any part of the field. Our batteries were still bombarding the Russian line, and a fire started by their shells inside the walls of Sungshushan was sending up a dense cloud of whitish smoke; but there was nothing whatever to indicate a renewal of the infantry attack. The general assault, which was expected to determine the fate of Port Arthur, had completely failed, and all that the Japanese had to show for a loss of twelve or fifteen hundred men was another intrenched hill and a precarious foothold on the counterscarps of two or three of the permanent forts.

Late in the afternoon the bitterly cold wind drove us from our place of observation on the mountain-top back of General Nogi's field headquarters, and with feelings of profound disappointment and discouragement we started homeward.

Ethical Work of the People's Institute

A People's Church

By Charles Sprague Smith

A YEAR or more after the People's Institute had begun its courses in practical social science, it was suggested to the management that it might be wise to attempt the experiment of providing some kind of service on Sunday evening which should attract the audiences already gathered on other evenings, and give them at the same time an ethical stimulus. The experiment was made, and it met with immediate success—a success which has become greater with each succeeding year. Gradually, too, the character of the evening courses has been changed, until now it is quite fitting to characterize the work as a Church for the People. On any Sunday evening from November until May the large hall of Cooper Union, seating sixteen hundred, is nearly or altogether filled, and not infrequently from fifty to one hundred are standing. The audience is composed almost wholly of men. Out of fifteen hundred, the average audience, there will not be more than seventy-five women, if as many.

The entire service would be considered in the ordinary church as quite long, extending from eight until ten. The order of exercises is music, announcements, perhaps the reading of a

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suitable poem, followed by music, then the address of the evening, again a musical number, thereafter a free discussion lasting from half to three-quarters of an hour, and at the close a summing up, either by the chairman or the speaker of the evening, of the lesson of the evening; the whole ending with a hymn sung by the audience standing. The speakers are almost invariably clergymen, but represent all religious creeds save the Catholic, which has for some reason not accepted the invitation of the Institute. The only caution made to the speakers is that the nature of the work and character of the audience make it essential that there should be no attempt to proselytize, and the speaker should place himself at the ethical standpoint common to all religions, so that his address may not offend Jew or Gentile, believer in a personal God or unbeliever. Such injunction is not, however, intended to limit the expression of individual belief, and in practice does not check such freedom of speech. Indeed, it is very common for the speaker to make a frank declaration of his point of view, and then say that he is not seeking to press that upon his audience, but rather to convey the broader message which such a body can receive.

The aspect of the audience from the platform is most inspiring. All those who have had the experience agree in declaring it to be the most interesting body, and the most intelligent, they have ever addressed. All faces are directed with the greatest earnestness toward the speaker, and the attention from the beginning to the end is a very close one. There is no incitation to superfluous oratory, the entire influence of the audience upon the speaker being such as to lead to sobriety of style, directness and simplicity of speech, and to force home upon him that he must be absolutely sure of what he is saying, and must use entire sincerity. The discussion following the address is not without certain inappropriateness at times, certain straying aside, in attempts to assert social faiths, or grasp the opportunity for displaying self; but these are the exceptions. As a rule, the questions represent an earnest desire to sound more thoroughly the views advanced by the speaker, to enlarge knowledge in directions insufficiently developed, to present opposing points of view in order to discover which is right. In fine, they are rather the expression of a serious-minded body of men searching for truth. A canvass of the audience would show that it comes not from one section of the city alone, though doubtless a majority do come from the near East Side, but many also are present from Brooklyn, New Jersey, and beyond the Harlem. It is doubtful whether anywhere in this country, at any time, such an audience has been gathered for such a purpose, continuously, year after year. Indeed, it is not known to the writer that anywhere in the English-speaking world the duplicate of this audience can be found.

A circular-letter was recently sent to some one hundred of the leading clergymen of the Greater City, asking for criticisms and suggestions. In so far as responses were returned, the testimonies agreed that in this work the People's Institute had solved a problem which the church had found it impossible to solve. In other words, while the church had been asking itself, How shall we bring ethical and religious stimulus to those who have wandered away from the churches? and had been unable to find an answer, the Institute had found the answer, gathering an audience from just this class, representing men of every faith and unfaith. Some testimonies were exceedingly interesting. One, from a leading Episcopal rector, I quote as example:

> I cannot give you a better idea of the magnitude of the work you are doing than by calling your attention to the fact that we have the greatest difficulty in getting a congregation of, say, fifty to one hundred in the church on Sunday night. We have one of the best chorus choirs in the city, and I have tried every sort of device for a popular service; nevertheless, there is very little response.
>
> The fact that you can get such a large number at the Cooper Institute shows that you have got a method of reaching a certain class of people in which the Church fails.

No one expressed other than the most cordial sympathy with the work.

The People's Institute has only the borrowed hall of Cooper Union, not too

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well ventilated, and, as is well known, without an organ. It has had as funds wherewith to meet the expenses of this work not more than $650 a year, besides rental. The music has been of the simplest kind, usually a single voice or instrument. Only recently has the attempt been made to introduce congregational singing, and of course, without organ or choir, it moves thus far haltingly. What would not be the result if a proper home were provided for this work? No one who has been present on a Sunday evening and witnessed the earnestness and enthusiasm of the audience will question for an instant that were there an organ and a well-trained choir to add to the uplifting influences of the evening, the audience would reach the capacity of any hall wherein a speaker could make himself heard. In other words, New York City has in its midst, assembling regularly from week to week, from the moment the elections are decided, and until the summer heat makes indoor evening life, in a hall below the surface of the street, impossible, a People's Church, such as, so far as I know, exists nowhere else in the world; one to which leading pulpit teachers of the city bring regularly their messages; and one which numbers among its congregation Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Agnostic, Democrat, Republican, Socialist, Anarchist — all inspired with the common spirit of brotherhood, and all seeking a spiritual nourishment which shall be of service to them during the coming week. Without a doubt, this People's Church is still rude in character, and the stranger's ears would be offended by many a jarring note. But it is no longer an experiment; it has passed its sixth birthday; and through it, democracy, even in its most radical forms, is slowly joining in steadfast union with much that is sane, large, and consecrated in the leadership of the old churches.

Sketches in a Children's Hospital

By Margaret Waldo Higginson

"NOW this," said the small boy, "this is a ladder, and here's the fireman, and he's goin' up it, see?"

Madly the tin dolly was made to tear up and down the railing of the cot, madly he was made to throw make-believe water on the make-believe flames.

"I think," said the small boy, "that his uniform seems to be a-comin' off a little, don't you? Does firemen's uniforms usually come off?"

I could not truthfully say that they did. Still, nothing could gainsay the scraps of tin clothing that were scattered over the bed.

"Perhaps, you know," I suggested, with a brilliant inspiration, "perhaps the crackling of the flames made pieces of it melt and fall off, don't you see?"

"Yes," said the small boy, delightedly, "that is it—the awful red flames has melted pieces of his uniform, and it has fell off."

The dolly by this time, after such frequent raids upon the fire, presented a sad and woebegone appearance. Bits of his natural anatomy showed in places where the tin covering had once been, and the holes in his blue tin stockings were quite immodest.

"Now," said my small friend, "I think I shall break his legs for a change," and forthwith the dolly was plunged into space—the awful space between the bed and the floor—and was picked up with one leg quite limp.

"Oh, poor dolly," I said, "just see what you've done to him! The joint in his knee is all broken, and he'll have to go to the doctor."

"Well," said the perpetrator of the deed, scornfully, "I hope he will have to go to the doctor. I went to the doctor! When he has come back from the hospital, he and I can 'scuss it together!" His eyes shone at the prospect.

"Look at that girl over there on the floor," he exclaimed, suddenly. "She's breakin' legs, too; just look at the way she's firin' that doll around. I'm goin' to see if I can't fire my doll as hard as

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that," and the long-suffering doll was again precipitated head foremost on the unsympathetic floor.

I was quite shocked at such hard-heartedness, but when I approached the small girl she greeted me with a smile of winsome and bright-eyed joyousness.

"Just see," she whispered, "this dolly's chippin' off awful fast. It's such fun to see the pieces fly; look—there goes another arm! Oh, but if I only could get her eyes out from inside her head! They just rattle—rattle, hear 'em? An' they're so round an' blue, they'd be awful nice to suck."

"But pretty soon you won't have any dolly," I remarked, disregarding her cannibalistic desire for dolly's eyes, "for when you've knocked her all to pieces, you won't have anything to play with."

"Oh, well, that won't matter," the lively little lady answered, cheerfully. "The picture-books is quite pretty—an' their leaves come out easy—see!"

The maimed dolly came down with a final crash, and her poor head rolled away under a cot. Her indifferent little mistress hobbled away after the coveted blue eyes, which, carefully wired together, were rolling merrily down the ward.

An Italian baby—bright of eye and black of hair—was sobbing softly as a nurse got him ready to go home. His father had come for him, and had said that he must go. It was a bitter day. The wind blew fierce and cold, and the air was dark with flying snowflakes.

"He ought not to go," said the nurse, indignantly, as she strapped and bound the little brown body, "and it's so far, too, 'way down to the Cape, the man says. The child's really not well enough to go."

I went out to find the father. He was a swarthy Italian, with expressive fingers and uncertain English.

"Si, Signora, I take care bambino," he said. "His mother, she sick, she cry for bambino; she die—maybe—then no bambino."

The poor man's eyes were full of tears. He pulled an enormous red handkerchief out of his pocket and dabbed at them shamefacedly.

"But the child is not well enough to go," I entreated; "he ought not to leave the hospital. Think of the bitter cold."

"His mother awful sick," the Italian reiterated, piteously; "she die, she want bambino."

When I went back to the ward, the baby was all ready to go, and the nurse was packing his very minute bag. He was dressed in a funny little green plaid woolen coat, and a red striped toboggan cap sat disconsolately on his wobbly black head. He was carried away down the ward, moaning gently.

In the corner cot was a little boy with a disease of the spine. He looked up at me curiously.

"I'd like to go home," he said, wistfully.

Suddenly a tiny smile came over his face.

"I've got a elephant at home!" he whispered.

"An elephant!" I exclaimed. "What, a live one?"

He nodded.

"It must be pretty big to keep in the house," I suggested, solemnly. "Where did you get it?"

"Found it," said he.

And he turned his head away and refused to talk any more.

Then a small boy of cheerful mien hailed me with glee. He held up a bright five-cent piece to my admiring gaze.

"I lost it," he said, excitedly. "Just this mornin'. I put it under my piller, an' when I was asleep it fell out on the floor; an' when I woke up I looked—an' I thought it was a button!"

So great was the sense of triumph over loss that whenever I passed he called me to listen to this wonderful tale, always ending, breathlessly, with "an' I looked—an' I thought it was a button!"

A child of twelve or so with wide-open eyes and an unsmiling face called me as I passed her bed.

"Won't you speak to me?" she said, abruptly. "People who come here mostly talk to the little children. I feel lonely."

She had a curious manner—almost stern, it was so abrupt—and her eyes were old and wise for a child of her age.

"Look! The nurse gave me this." She held up a little roll of gauze.

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"What are you going to do with it?" I asked.

"Keep it."

"Perhaps you are going to bandage your dolls with it," I suggested.

"I have no dolls," she said, shortly.

I was quite embarrassed at this outcome of my thoughtless question.

"Oh, of course," I said, somewhat feebly, trying to smooth the matter over. "I suppose you're much too big for dolls."

"No, I'm not."

Beside this matter-of-fact young person lay a small tin plate with little scraps of torn paper heaped up on it. On this I centered my next effort.

"What are these on this plate?" I began, with a great show of interest; "are they bread and cake?"

"No," said the child, distinctly, with a pause between each word, therefore better to appeal to my limited and evidently very childish sense of understanding; "they—are—pieces—of—paper."

After this I felt so totally annihilated that it was quite a relief when the child who had desired to suck dolly's eyes, and two or three other children who were convalescing and therefore allowed to run about the ward, came up to me and invited me to play "house."

The small wooden chairs were drawn up around a little table, and I, from my point of vantage on the floor, procured recreant blocks from accessible corners, and set them upon the table. A remarkable house then having been built of them, I added all the remains of dolls which I was able to find, and we were ready to begin.

The children got up, walked around to my back, and knocked on it lustily three times.

"Come in," said I.

Then they "came in" and sat down. All four children were as serious as if they were at a funeral. No one spoke.

"It's a pleasant day, isn't it?" I finally remarked, cheerfully.

Silence.

"I'm very glad to see you," I pursued; "you see, I haven't been settled in my house long—"

Here silence suddenly fled.

"My, how bad you keep your house!" was the first scathing remark, uttered in a high-pitched voice vibrating with disapproval. "Just look at the things all over!"

"Yes," I assented, meekly, "but—"

"We've just come from New York," interrupted another child, with quite a grandiloquent manner.

"Indeed?" said I.

"Yes, just this mornin'. Oh, it was grand in the train. The baby hollered, but my mother let her suck an orange the last part of the way."

Then a third caller spoke.

"We're goin' to move to-day!" she announced, triumphantly.

This was the climax. There was nothing further to be imagined in the children's minds. These topics were their only stock in trade in the way of polite conversation.

Just as we were going to begin over again, another aspirant to the game drew near, a rather doleful-eyed little girl, with the shortest skirt I have ever seen on mortal child.

"Would you like to come and call on me, too," I asked, "the way the other children are doing?"

The girl nodded, and "came in" when the others did, and, like them, sat with folded hands and dejected countenances.

Suddenly the newcomer, out of all custom, began the conversation.

"Does your husband drink?" she asked, distinctly, with an eager expression of interest.

I was so startled by this query that I could not speak for an instant.

"Does your husband drink?" was repeated again, in a slightly louder voice.

"Is that a question that is usually asked when you go to make a call?" I said, in rather an uncertain voice, I am afraid.

It was the child's turn to be astonished.

"I don't know as I know what you mean, missus. My mother, when I go callin', she tells me 'to behave like a lady,' always 'like a lady,' she tells me, and all the ladies I ever see come to see us, or anywheres round, what they say first is always, 'Does your husband drink?' I was only tryin' to be like a lady, missus."

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Puritan Democracy[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THERE are two antagonistic conceptions of democracy which have been struggling for ascendency in this country ever since the formation of the Constitution, and indeed before that time. In attempting to portray the contrast between the two, partly the brevity of time, partly the necessity for clearness, makes it necessary to put the antithesis too antithetically, for in point of fact most Americans have derived part of their impressions from one of these sources, and part from another. It would be easy, I think, did time allow, to show how the struggle between these two conceptions of democracy has gone all through our National history; but time does not allow; and I shall attempt to-night simply to put forth these two antithetic conceptions of democracy, for the purpose of making clearer the principles of what may be called Puritan Democracy, and for the purpose of applying those principles to some of the questions of our own time.

These two forms of democracy have been antagonistic, not merely in their form, but in their essential spirit, as they differed widely in their origin. One was brought to us from France, the other from England. One was godless; the other was profoundly religious. One came from pagan sources, the other from the Old Testament. The word on which the one laid emphasis was liberty; the word on which the other laid emphasis was law. The keyword for one is rights; the keyword for the other is duties. The American prophet of the one was Thomas Paine, who was a greater patriot and a greater philosopher than the Church has usually allowed him to be; the prophet of the other was Governor Bradford, one of the too little known fathers of our American civilization.

If I attempt to portray the French conception of democracy, I must do it briefly, imperfectly, inadequately; but it is something like this: Rousseau was not its originator, but he was its most popular prophet. Man in a state of nature was free; in order to get advantages of organization, men surrendered something of their freedom and formed governments. These governments are founded on a compact. Government, therefore, rests upon the consent of the governed. These governments, thus founded on the consent of the governed, are necessary, but they are evils—necessary evils. The less of law the better; the more every man can be left to follow his own sweet will the better. This is the ideal. Government has but one function—to protect the persons and property of the individuals in the State; it has no right to do anything else; this is its whole end and aim. If it goes beyond this, it goes beyond its proper and legitimate sphere; save in some exceptional cases, in which experience has proved this to be absolutely necessary. Perhaps it may carry the mails, but it must carry nothing else. Perhaps it may educate, and yet education is not its function. Education is the function of the parent. If the parent cannot educate his child, then it is the function of the Church; if the Church is not sufficiently equipped to render this benevolent service of educating the poor children, then the State may educate, but only because it is cheaper to educate men than it is to allow them to grow up in ignorance and then to govern them. The only reason for maintaining any educational system by the State is the economic and the selfish reason. It is the best way we have of protecting our persons and our property. As for religion, religion has nothing to do with the State; religion is a matter for the individual and his God. The State cannot be religious; the State has no relation to religion. It is not irreligious or antireligious, it is simply unreligious. It is a purely secular organism. Industry is

[1] An address delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle Church (Congregational), Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street, New York City, Sunday evening, March 12, 1905. Reported stenographically for The Outlook by Henry Winans.

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to be organized on the same basis. Men are to be left free from handicaps; every man is to go into life to get what he can out of it. If society allows every man to go into life and get what he can out of it—the laborer to get what wages he can, the capitalist to get what capital he can, each man according to his ability—in the war that goes on between these selfish interests there will be evolved, not absolute justice, but such approximation to justice as we can get in this life. Something like this is the theory of democracy that we borrowed from Rousseau, and that was planted mainly in the Southern States. I do not know where a better brief statement of it is to be found today than in the preamble to the Constitution of Alabama.

Puritan Democracy is antagonistic to this Rousseau conception of democracy at every stage of the statement. It differs from it radically, fundamentally, vitally, essentially. I can only point out some of the features of this Puritan Democracy; I cannot even take time to cite authorities to show that my interpretation of Puritan Democracy is historically correct. To be brief, I must be dogmatic.

In the first place, Puritan Democracy assumes the splendor of law. In denies that man in a state of nature was free. It denies that any compact was ever made between men out of which a government grew. It denies that government was founded on any such compact. It denies that government rests on the consent of the governed. It denies that the function of government is merely to protect persons and property. The fundamental postulate of Puritan Democracy is this: We are born into a world of law. The first thing that every man has to do is to find out what are the laws of human life and submit his will to them, because those laws of human life are the laws of God, and the first duty every man owes is loyalty to his Maker, to his King, to his Father. We are born into a world of natural law, and all our prosperity, our civilization, our health and wealth as a community, rest on finding out what those natural laws are, and utilizing them, obeying them, and so making them obey us, getting control of them because we are obedient to them. Every man is born into a world of law as regards himself. He must find out what are the laws of health. Nor is it enough to find out what are the general laws of health; he must find out what are the laws of his own health, what his brain can do, and his stomach, and his arm, and he must adjust his place in life to the laws of his own being. Law is the splendid servant of any man who is obedient to it, it is the hard taskmaster of any man who is disobedient to it.

These laws are not only individual, they are not only natural; they are social, they are economic. There is just as much a law for the community as there is for the individual, and we must learn what are these laws—the laws of trade, the laws of justice, the laws of economic organization, the laws of political action. We must understand these laws, we must obey these laws, we must conform our life to these laws; then and only then shall we be a prosperous community. That is not a just government which rests on the consent of the governed; that is a just government which rests on the consent of Almighty God. That only is a just government which has found out what these divine laws are, and conforms to them. A government is no more made just because the governed consent to it than a practice is made healthful because the man consents to it. He must find out what the law is, and consent to it if he would be healthful; so the community must find out what the laws of God are and conform to them if it would be prosperous.

Government, therefore, has other functions than merely that of protecting persons and property. Law is not an evil; government is not an evil. It is not true, the less law the better the State. Liberty and law are not antipodal. We do not come into liberty by setting aside law. Liberty is not the right of every man to follow his own sweet will; liberty lies in living in harmony with these laws, in apprehension of these laws, in conformity to these laws, in obeying these laws, and then in making these laws our servitors and our upbuilders. Obedience is the condition of liberty.

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The State is not a mere congeries of individuals under autocratic dominion; it is not merely a congeries of individuals entered into partnership and agreeing to do certain things. The State is itself a person, with all the powers and attributes and qualities of personality. It must have intelligence and conscience and will; it must have a common intelligence and a common conscience and a common will. This person that we call the State or the Nation, equipped with conscience and with intelligence and with will, may do whatsoever is in accordance with the laws of God that will serve its interest. It is not confined merely to protecting persons and property; it may build ships, organize railroads, carry mails, administer a telegraph or an express company, or a water department, or a lighting plant in a city; it may maintain concerts in the park of a great city, may regulate the buildings in the city so as to prevent selfishness from crushing out the lives of the poor, may do whatever it thinks wise and prudent to do for the welfare of the whole community. I am not discussing what is wise, is prudent; whether it is better for the city to light itself or to hire a corporation to light it, to provide its own water or buy it, to own and operate its subway or leave it to a corporation to build and operate it. These questions I do not discuss; I simply say that Puritan Democracy affirms the right of a State to do whatsoever in these respects the State finds for the common interest; for the State is a great organic person, and it has a right to do for itself as a whole whatever it finds to be for the interest of itself as a whole, provided it acts within the domain of divine law.

Not only that: this government is divine only as and because it is an imitation of the divine government and a part of the divine government of God and tributary to the divine government, deriving its authority from God. It is a good government, a wise government, a right government, just in so far as it apprehends what is the work of God in the world; and, primarily, the work of God in the world is a redemptive work. God is governing the world to make the world better; he is governing the world to redeem men from sin and ignorance, from crime and from misery, and it is the function of human government to do the same within the limits of its own powers. Government is not an organization simply to protect persons and property. It is an organization of men deriving their rights, their responsibilities, and their duties from God, and under the most solemn obligation to carry out that government of theirs as God is carrying out his government, for the redemption of mankind.

Every good government is a paternal government. It is often said that there is an antagonism between democracy and paternal government. Not true. It is sometimes said that Russia is a paternal government. Not true. What are the characteristics of a paternal government? First: father and mother, as supposedly wiser members of the family, govern the children. Second. they govern those children for the children's benefit. Third: they so govern them as to make them at the earliest possible moment self-governing. No family is founded on lines of divine righteousness if it does not have all these three characteristics; if the wisdom and the strength of the father and mother are not put at the service of the children, and if they are not so put at the service of the children that at the earliest possible moment the children shall themselves become self-governing. Is that true of Russia? Is she governing her overtaxed peasantry for their benefit? Is she administering law and justice in Finland in order to promote self-government in Finland? Is that what she has been doing in Poland?

We have some eight or ten millions of negroes in this country. What shall we do with them? There are three things that we may do. In the first place, we may put the manacles on their wrists. We may say, You shall work without wages. That is slavery. Or, when we have taken the manacles off their wrists, we may say, We need cooks in our homes and laborers in our cotton-fields and in our factories, and we must shape our systems of education so as to get cooks in our homes, laborers in our cotton-fields and in our factories. In

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other words, we may say, We will administer the government over this eight or ten millions of negroes for our benefit. Or, in the second place, we may strike off all manacles; we may say to the negro, You are free, you may do what any one else may do, you may go where any one else may go, you may shift for yourself. Or, finally, we may say, We are rich and you are poor, we are strong and you are weak, we are wise and you are ignorant, we have eight centuries of education behind us and you have only the education of barbarism and of slavery behind you, and we will use our wealth and our intelligence and our strength to lift you up and make self-governing men and women of you. The first is pagan; the second is individualistic; the third is Puritan.

We have sailed across the sea and have taken possession of the Philippines, or they have taken possession of us—whichever you please. What shall we do? We may say, We have gotten some more territory, we will govern it for our benefit; we will cut down these trees and open these mines and administer this property to see what commercial advantages we can get out of it for the American people; we will let their goods come in free into our country if we think that is for our advantage, and we will put a tariff upon their goods and shut them out if we think that is to our advantage; we will govern them for ourselves. That is pagan. Or we may say, We will sail away and leave them to themselves; we will toss them back into the chaos from which they came forth, and leave them to administer their own affairs in their own way. That is individualistic. Or we may say, We will protect them and educate them; we will give them the advantage of our markets and of our protecting flag; we will do for them all that is necessary to develop their manhood; and all the time we will constantly keep in mind this one thing: How shall we make this people a self-governing people? That is Puritan Democracy. Of those three methods, the first exploitation, the second desertion, the third redemption, the redemptive method is the Puritan method. I know that there are men who say, A democracy cannot do this; we will hand them over to England—England can do it; or to the Japanese—they are a bright people, they can do it; but we cannot do it. If that be true—no, I will not even entertain that as a hypothesis; it is not true. With all the blots on our history, there has never been a nation on the face of the globe that has done such splendid redemptive work for the poor and the suffering and the outcast as America. It has set the slaves free, at an untold cost of blood and treasure; it has taken the half-educated and the poor from across the sea, and when they have come in it has said, You may have our land for nothing for a homestead, you may enter our schools, you may come into our factories and railroads and share equally with us in all the advantages of our wealth. There has never been a nation on the face of the globe that has shown as much redemptive power in it, with all its faults, as this American Democracy, this Puritan Democracy.

It cannot accomplish this mission without religion. The State must be a religious State. For consider what are the functions of a State. First, the administration of justice. Is not that a religious function? Second, the administration of mercy. Modern penology makes the prison into a penitentiary, and the county jail into a reform school. Is not reforming men and making good men out of bad men a religious function? Thirdly, education. Educating the great mass of people in our country into manhood—is not that a religious function? The three great functions of the State—justice, mercy, education—are all three religious functions.

It is sometimes said this Nation is not a religious Nation, for it has no established Church. If church and religion are synonymous, then Russia is a great deal more religious than America, for it is a great deal more thoroughly churched, after its fashion. Men call this the age of skepticism, and they point back across the centuries to the age of faith. I do not know. Perhaps that was the age of faith—I think not; perhaps this is the age of skepticism—I think not; but if this is the age of skepticism and that is the age of faith, there is in skepticism

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more religion than in faith. There is more religion in an age that arms itself for a four years' crusade to emancipate men from slavery than in an age that arms itself for a crusade to emancipate an empty tomb from the Mohammedan. There is more religion in an age which sets itself to cure ignorance and superstition by taxing itself for universal systems of education than in an age which undertakes to cure ignorance and superstition by sending an Armada into the Northern Sea to overrun England and crush out its right of free thinking. There is more religion in an age that will not suffer itself to look with unconcern across the narrow sea that separates itself from Cuba, leaving her sons under the tread of despotism, but sets Cuba free, than in an age that sings the Te Deum at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. If we judge the age by its conformity to the Sermon on the Mount and to the life and character of Jesus Christ, this is a religious age and this is a religious Nation.

What, then, is the function of a church of Christ, what the function of a Puritan church, in such an age, and inheriting such a public faith from the fathers? The primitive church undertook to govern: it was compelled to govern; for the corruption of Rome was so great that governors could not be found who would administer the State affairs with any kind of tolerable administration, and the priests and the bishops had to become sharers in the civic government. The primitive church was a great charitable organization; for in pagan Rome there were no charitable organizations, there was no charity in any broad, large sense of that term, and the church had not only to preach charity and to promote the spirit of charity, but to administer the charity. The church was the educator; for there was not any provision whatever for the education of the common people in the Roman Empire except the synagogue schools in Palestine; and the church, going into the Roman world and carrying the synagogue schools with it, developed a system of education that for centuries had to be carried on by the church.

Now that is all gone. The church does not any longer govern, nor carry on the great charities, nor carry on our great educational system. And so there are men and women who say the work of the church is done. It seems to me it never was so great as it is to-day; for what the church has to do to-day is to inspire all citizens of this great commonwealth with the sense of justice and piety and liberty that will make the State itself the administrator of justice and charity and education. The way to get the ear of the workingman is to speak with more frankness to the ears of those who are already in the church. I read now and again in the newspapers that our best citizens take no interest in politics. I deny it. The man of wealth, of culture, of education, of social position, who takes no interest in politics is not one of our best citizens, he is one of our worst. The apathy of the men who sit in our church pews is one of the great causes of the corruption in our civic government. Do you not think so? Well, you think it is so in Philadelphia, whether you think it is so in New York or not. The church has to teach every man that every other man is his brother. It has to teach that charity is not to be given out in driblets, but that it is to be the animating principle and spirit of the life. It is to teach, not that there should be no competition, but that the competition should be in service, not in acquisition, and that every man should compete with his neighbor in the great endeavor to make his business industries and his daily tasks upbuilding and redeeming to his fellowmen. It has to inspire the whole community with such a public conscience as has been described to us here to-night, so that the public school shall become a religious school; not a Catholic school, nor a Congregational school, nor an Episcopal school, nor a Protestant school, but a Christian school. "Education," says Mr. Huxley, "involves"—I quote the substance, not the exact words—"not only a knowledge of the laws of nature, by which I include the laws of human nature, but a loving and earnest desire to live in conformity with those laws." What is that but religion! "An earnest and loving desire

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to live in conformity with the laws of nature"—that is, with the laws of God. And this is a greater work than any the church has had to do in the past. To fill this whole community, this Nation, this State, this commercial Corinth of our country here in New York, with such a spirit of justice that corruption shall be crushed out of the public places, with such a spirit of charity that all business shall endeavor to make men rich and no man poor, with such a spirit of the truly higher education that our whole school system shall lift men up into the image of Jesus Christ and bring them to the stature of God's own Son—this is the work of the Christian church; this, or something like this, seems to me to be the message of Puritan Democracy.

Education in Religion and Morals[1]

PROFESSOR COE tells us that both secular and religious education are at present in a transitional state. While the latter is less fully developed in the line of progress, the representatives of each have something to learn from the other. The solution of the social troubles of our time seems more hopeful in the education of the young to a truly social spirit than in correcting the militant temper of combatants. The chief task both of the public school and the church school is not to impart information, but to develop self-adjustment to sound community life in the carrying on of appropriate community tasks. The strategic point is the element of fellowship—fellowship in obedience, in labor, in play, and in worship—in the campaign for personal and social righteousness to which Jesus summons. In such comradeship between the older and the younger the incarnation of the divine life is to be perpetuated through successive generations, and it will be seen that Christianity contains the organic principle of civilization—an idea which the churches themselves have not yet fully grasped.

Thus, as Professor Coe makes plain, there is really no ground of conflict between secular and religious education, whatever be the contrast between them, present and past. If religion demands submission to authority, so does society itself. The question is as to the sort and the seat of the authority. This is in our higher nature, in which a divine voice utters its judgments and demands. Such authority is essential to the education that aims to secure the free expression of what is best in its pupils. Freedom is realized only in the active expression of one's higher self. As to the mooted question of religion in the public schools, Professor Coe thinks that this will be quickly solved when the family and the church have been roused to due cultivation of their own educational fields. "Our immediate need," he says, "is to secure a neighborly and national religious consciousness with respect to the essential aims of education"—and this will be perfectly compatible with our national principle of separation between Church and State.

The modern public school derives existence from the mediæval church school, and aims to prepare for the life that now is, as the other aimed to prepare for the life that is to come. Each has developed in its own way; each has felt the breath of the modern spirit: it now seems possible for the idea of religious education to be so modernized that their antagonism may end. So-called secular education may be imbued with a religious spirit and influence, while religious education may be conformed to the scientific methods of secular schools. For it is apparent that modern educational reform has been working out some pedagogical aspects of Christianity, such as these: that essentially human life is the inner life; that this is mainly in rightness of purpose and sympathetic social interest; that this inner disposition must express itself in befitting conduct; that true freedom is realized in

[1] *Education in Religion and Morals.* By George Albert Coe, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

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self-restraint and obedience to law. The distinctive characteristic of religious education, as Professor Coe points out, is in its recognition of the entire personality of the pupil, the whole content of civilization, and the complete ideal of life. And this must also be the controlling aim of education in its secular aspect, so far as it is to attain success.

The main interest of Professor Coe's exposition of principles and methods is for a better realization of them by the agencies avowedly concerned with religious education—the family, the Sunday-school, the Christian college and academy, the church. He lays strong emphasis especially on an aspect of the problem which these have not yet made due account of—namely, that the Divine Spirit immanent in humanity is immanent in every child, and that the effort of the educator largely consists in removing hindrances to the work of God upon the reason and will, and opening the natural channels of his educative influences. Education aims at the adjustment of life to its environment, but all that is called our environment is included in God, in whom all live. So far, then, as education is complete, it is necessarily and fundamentally religious. Man and nature are simply divine agencies in an evolutionary process, whose influences proceed from the Supreme Educator, God.

What still hinders this fundamental conception from full effectiveness as a regulative ideal is the pull of obsolescent theological traditions. The doctrine which regarded children as a viper's brood, and by its denial of religious nature frustrated religious education, has been largely put away. But there is still a misconception of regeneration as a divine work outside and independent of natural processes, which hinders effective recognition of the fact that the child has a religious nature, which it is for education as a means of grace to awaken and develop. Evil tendencies are also there, but a wise educational method will reveal the child to himself as really interested in the triumph of the right.

These underlying principles receive in various lines a practical application, fruitful both in the presentation of sound methods and the criticism of unsound. The treatment of the problem in hand is thoroughly in accord with good psychological and pedagogical practice. The whole work, a worthy complement to Professor Coe's previous publication on "The Religion of a Mature Mind," is vitalizing and illuminating in its character and effect.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Æquity of an Humble Supplication (The). By John Penry. (1587.) Reprinted from the Copy in the British Museum and Edited with a Preface by Alex. J. Grieve, M.A., B.D. The Congregational Historical Society, 1905, London, England. 5½×8¾ in. 55 pages.

American Abelard and Heloise (An). By Mary Ives Todd. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7¾ in. 337 pages. $1.50.

American Thoroughbred (The). By Charles E. Treyathan. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 495 pages. $2, net.

Boys of Bob's Hill (The). By Charles Pierce Burton. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 182 pages. $1.25.

The boy bandits of Bob's Hill (Massachusetts) are such real boys that we are vexed with the injudicious elder who has "edited" into this, their "Secretary's" report, descriptions of natural scenery that no authentic boy bandit could have written. Otherwise we approve.

Burden Bearing and Other Sermons. By John Rhey Thompson. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7½ in. 261 pages. 75c., net.

Christian Giving. By Rev. Charles William Harshman, S.T.B., Ph.D. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4½×6 in. 118 pages. 25c., net.

Clef d'Or (La) and Les Flèches Magiques. By Jeanne Mairet. Edited by Edith Healy. The American Book Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 131 pages.

Converted Catholic (The). Vol. XXI. January to December, 1904. Edited by the Rev. James A. O'Connor. Published by James A. O'Connor, New York City. Subscription price per year, $1.

Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay (1778-1840). Edited by her Niece, Charlotte Barrett. Vol. IV. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 510 pages. $2.50.

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Deluge and Its Cause (The). By Isaac Newton Vail. Illustrated. Isaac N. Vail, Pasadena, Cal. 4×6½ in. 133 pages. Paper bound, 65c.

Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English (A): Abridged from the Seven-Volume Work Entitled "Slang and Its Analogues." By John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

This is an abridgment from the exceedingly thorough work in seven volumes by the same authors. Both of them, and more especially perhaps Mr. Henley, evidently undertook the enormous task of collating slang expressions and their analogues in English and American usage, with a love for the task because of its queer and curious associations. For most readers the original work is not available because of its cost and size, and for ordinary use the present book is ample. Many people will be surprised to find from the list of books which precedes this dictionary that there have been more than fifty books which deal either entirely or in part with slang phrases, and that the first of these dates as far back as 1440.

Divine Opportunity (The). Sermons Preached by F. B. Stockdale. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 136 pages. 50c., net.

Essays. By the late Marquess of Salisbury, K.G. **Foreign Politics. Biographical.** E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. $2, net, per vol.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays in Puritanism. By Andrew Macphail. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 339 pages. $1.50, net.

These essays are bright, readable, entertaining, but they are also sometimes smart and a trifle flippant in style, and, in their dealing with philosophical thought, superficial. There is little to indicate that the author has made what could justly be called a study of Puritanism. His view, no less than his style, is journalistic. His interpretation of Calvinism cannot for a moment be compared with that of Froude in his Essay on John Calvin, or that of Martineau in his characterization of the older cognate view, that of Augustine; nor is his interpretation of Jonathan Edwards to be compared with that of Professor A. V. G. Allen. His treatment of Transcendentalism is not much better. There was, it is true, a sentimentalism in New England Transcendentalism which deserves the author's satire, but there was much more. In its reaction against the dogmatism of an older Puritanism, in its substitution of intuitionalism for rationalism, it was a real contribution to intellectual progress. The man who could write, "There used to be a presumption that theology had something to do with religion," and again, "The trouble about all revelations is that they reveal so very little that people of plain common sense can understand," is not to be taken very seriously. Probably he does not intend to be so taken. Whether he writes of Jonathan Edwards, John Winthrop, or Margaret Fuller, whether of Calvinism, Puritanism, or Transcendentalism, he writes airily. The result on the reader is entertainment or irritation; which of the two will depend largely on the reader's temperament. When, however, the author gets away from philosophy, he does better work. His sketch of Margaret Fuller's life is vital, interesting, and, in spite of some ambition to write smartly, in the main fair-minded.

Essays on Freethinking and Plainspeaking. By Leslie Stephen. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 410 pages. $1.

This book, uniform with preceding volumes of Mr. Stephen's Essays, contains nine chapters which originally appeared in "The Quarterly Review." They were printed in book form some twenty years ago, but that publication for a number of years has been out of print. The editor truly says that these essays are even exceptionally characteristic of Mr. Stephen's method and thought. Without by any means indorsing the conclusions reached by this acute thinker, it may be pointed out that he writes with courtesy to opponents, with respect for opinions from which he differs, and always with grace and force. Four of the essays deal with subjects connected with theology and religious belief in their bearing on human society; the others are casual or occasional papers called out by literary or historical events of the time when they were written, but still fresh and suggestive.

Far Eastern Tropics (The): Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies. By Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 339 pages. $2.

Much of the matter contained in this book originally appeared in the form of articles in The Outlook. Our readers must have been struck by the fact that Mr. Ireland in his studies of the governments and commercial conditions of the Eastern dependencies of Great Britain, Holland, France, and the United States has faithfully collected data of serious and permanent value. His visit to the Far East was not like the rapid journeys of many travelers who skim the surface and write books of mere description. He spent many months in this undertaking, in part under the auspices of the University of Chicago, which desired a special and comprehensive report on the matters involved. It is safe to say that nowhere else can be found so many facts, or facts so clearly stated, about the particular places and problems concerned as are gathered in this book. The articles have been revised since their appearance in journalistic form, and the concluding chapter particularly has been rewritten with a view to the latest development in the government of colonies and dependencies. A specially valuable feature of the work is the new map of Southeastern Asia prepared by Mr. Ireland himself. The chapters on the Philippine Islands are, of course, of special interest to American readers. Mr. Ireland argues that the Philippines are exactly in the same category as all other tropical dependencies, and, in his view, that therefore the people are incapable of independent government. He admires what he regards as the

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disposition of the American people to accept hope rather than experience as the basis of their policy. It will be remembered that on this very point The Outlook editorially took issue with Mr. Ireland, and said: "The American believes that every race of man in every land and in every climate can become in time 'a creature of schools, ballot-boxes, and free political institutions.' That is more than a political opinion bred in the school of experience; it is more than a political conviction born with the birth of the Nation; it is a spiritual faith. . . . No arguments can shake their faith that it is possible to make of the Filipino people a people of schools, ballot-boxes, and free institutions." In reply to this Mr. Ireland says: "The view of The Outlook which I have quoted above represents a deliberate renunciation of the lessons of history in favor of an appeal to a National sentiment developed and fostered under circumstances as widely different from any which have ever existed or ever can exist in the Philippine Islands as it is possible to conceive. It is the expression of a faith great enough to move mountains; and it is a view which I can respect without being able to yield to it the smallest degree of acquiescence." We believe that the American people share our faith, and that the progress already made in the Philippines justifies both hope and faith.

Folks Next Door: The Log Book of a Rambler. By W. A. Croffut. Illustrated. (Third Edition.) The Eastside Publishing Co., Washington, D.C. 5×8 in. 373 pages.

Freedom of Life (The). By Annie Payson Call. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 211 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Horse (The). By Isaac Phillips Roberts. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 401 pages. $1.25, net.

The author of this book has had charge of the agricultural department at Cornell University, and has written extensively on agricultural topics. The present book includes an account of the development of the horse from early times and the introduction of improved breeds; a description of kinds and grades of horses now in use; a careful study of the different gaits and paces of the horse; and many chapters dealing with the most approved and practicable methods of training, feeding, driving, breeding, and caring for horses. The book has unquestioned value, and contains in compact form but in clear language much that is valuable.

House that Jack Built (The). By Wesley Johnston. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4½×7½ in. 253 pages.

Introduction to Analytic Geometry. By Percey F. Smith, Ph.D., and Arthur Sullivan Gale, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 217 pages. $1.25.

Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. By Mary King Waddington. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 324 pages. $2.50, net.

The second volume of Madame Waddington's Letters covers a greater surface of society, so to speak, than the first volume, and seems at first glance to lack a little of the continuity which gave "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife" a unity unusual in such collections of letters. What the later volume lacks in unity it amply makes up in variety. The letters are full of descriptions of prominent and interesting personages: ministers of state, kings, queens, princes, popes, men of letters, artists, Americans, Italians, Frenchmen, Russians, of every degree and kind, all sketched lightly and yet with a firm hand. Madame Waddington writes familiarly, but her books are singularly free from trivialities and gossip, and one looks in vain for anything like malice or scandal. Madame Waddington had spent a good deal of her girlhood in Rome. When she returned to that city in 1880, not long after the retirement of M. Waddington from the Premiership of France, she found in Rome as in Florence a group of old friends and a larger group of new ones. She had audiences with two Popes, Leo XIII. and Pius X. She has many impressions of the beautiful Queen Margherita and of King Humbert. She describes the Dowager Queen as a charming woman who talked simply about her own children and was the soul of courtesy and consideration. The Letters cover a period of five months in 1880 and another period of three months almost twenty-five years later.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by Francis Hovey Stoddard, Ph.D. (The Gateway Series of English Texts.) The American Book Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 550 pages.

Lady of the Lake (The). By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by Raymond Macdonald Alden, Ph.D. (The Gateway Series.) The American Book Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 250 pages.

Matrimonial Bureau (The). By Carolyn Wells and Harry P. Taber. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 282 pages. $1.50.

A book of the slightest sort, hardly comedy, more accurately described perhaps as a summer farce, introducing a group of girls and a corresponding group of men, entangling them by the working of an absurd scheme suggested by the title, and solving a small group of personal problems to the satisfaction of the authors and of the reader. No one can take the book seriously; and its whole value lies in the fact that it contributes to what may be called antiseptic entertainment.

Minister as Prophet (The). By Charles Edward Jefferson. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 187 pages. 90c., net; postage, 10c.

On this subject Dr. Jefferson has recently given, at the Bangor Theological Seminary, the five lectures included in this volume. For that effective forth-telling of divine truth which is the Biblical ideal of the prophet's function, the minister needs "impulse, power, and passion." But whence must he derive them? The answer here given is that "dogma" is an indispensable source. And dogma is defined as "doctrine clearly stated and ecclesiastically sanctioned." Elsewhere Dr. Jefferson says: "Only as we can persuade them

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[men] that God is in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, does the fire burn on the altar." This shifts the ground from an ecclesiastical to a Biblical sanction, a broader and more valid foundation. But Dr. Jefferson so presents the case as to imply that it is not enough to hold St. Paul's statement, "God was in Christ," without holding a creed-statement of the mode of the Incarnation. One must demur also to his exclusive identification of "socialism" with the Marxian form of it, and his consequent representation of it as a thing to fear. It also seems questionable to say, "The greatest danger confronting the Church of Christ in America to-day is a possible decadence of the pulpit." Is it not rather the moral laxity with which the ideals of a materialistic civilization tend to affect both pulpit and pew? The general tone and spirit of these lectures is uplifting, clarifying, and stimulating to high endeavor. But when one imagines the late Drs. Talmage and Storrs preaching in each other's pulpits as candidates for settlement, one suspects that the difficulty that church committees find in getting suitable preachers is often due to something else than the cause which Dr. Jefferson names as a dearth of capable preachers.

Neuvaine de Colette (La). By Jeanne Schultz. (Romans Choisis.) William R. Jenkins, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 277 pages. 60c.

Outlet (The). By Andy Adams. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 371 pages. $1.50.

This is a striking foot-note to the study of conditions in the Far West. It describes the most famous "drive" in the history of the cattle business—that of 1884, when over eight hundred thousand cattle and thirty thousand horses, attended by four thousand men, started on a great pilgrimage from Texas. Mr. Adams says of this drive that "the history of the world can show no pastoral movement in comparison." It was, indeed, one of the most picturesque movements since "The Flight of a Tartar Tribe." "The Outlet," which is mainly given over to the adventures of the trail boss, Tom Quirk by name, has a kind of epical breadth and freedom, and gives a graphic picture of the exodus and the men who conducted it—cowboys, frontier lawyers and judges, Government contractors, and "punchers of every degree and kind." It is a companion volume to "The Log of a Cowboy," in which Mr. Adams described the trail from Texas to the Northwest; and the two books are vivacious contributions to the history of a period now vanished.

Poems of Michael Drayton. (Newnes' Pocket Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 3¼×6½ in. 256 pages. $1.25.

The latest edition to the Newnes' Pocket Classics, the special features of which, as pieces of book-making, were commented upon in these columns not long since. This volume is exceptionally attractive, not only because of the binding, which is in flexible leather, as usual, and the title-page and frontispiece very effectively drawn and printed, but because the paper is heavier. Instead of attempting to show every side of Drayton's work in so narrow a compass, the editor has wisely selected only the best side, and has accordingly presented a very full collection of his shorter pieces.

Port of Storms (The). By Anna McClure Sholl. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

An interesting analytical novel, probing the character of a young New York physician and the two strongly contrasted personalities of the women he loves.

Princess Passes (The). By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 367 pages. $1.50.

This story is in the same vein as that delightful tale by the same authors, "The Lightning Conductor." Jack and Molly, who in that book wandered through southern Europe in a motor-car engaged in seeing the places that people do not generally find, and incidentally in the pleasant occupation of falling in love with each other, are now married. They appear here in a more magnificent motor-car, assisting Lord Lane, familiarly known as "Monty," who has just been jilted for a rich grocer, to cure his broken heart. He has planned a solitary donkey trip in Switzerland as a desperate remedy. He starts off alone, and soon meets a charming American boy of eighteen or so, who is traveling in a similar way. They join forces, after a preliminary exhibition of mutual hostility, and in the course of their travels become the best of friends. There is a mystery about the identity of the boy, which perhaps helps to account for Lord Lane's intense interest in him. Suddenly the boy disappears, leaving his comrade inconsolable. Molly and Jack and the motor appear out of a clear sky, take him aboard, and run off with him. He is ultimately consoled, but how it would not be fair to say. There is a pretty little romance in the book, and delightful descriptions of scenery, castles, quaint inns, and travel by donkey.

Princess (The). By Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Katharine Lee Bates, M.A. (Gateway Series.) The American Book Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 249 pages.

Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire (The). By John Pentland Mahaffy, D.D. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 154 pages. $1, net.

Quentin Durward. By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by Arthur Llewellyn Eno, A.M. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 529 pages. 25c.

Ravanels (The). By Harris Dickson. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 420 pages. $1.50.

A dramatic and skillfully written romance of the South, exceptional for the conspicuous absence of all reference to the issues usually raised in novels of this section.

Robert Browning. By C. H. Herford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 309 pages. $1, net.

Professor Herford has done some admirable

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work as an editor of Shakespeare, and his study of Browning is intelligent, sympathetic, and well balanced. The biographical element is sufficient, but is subordinate to the exposition of the poet's work in the order of its production. The true biography of Browning can be written in no other way; for, dramatic as much of his work was in form, it was very closely related to his experience and environment. A clear perception of this fact, and a definite though not a rigid application of this fact to his material, give Professor Herford's study a true biographic as well as an interpretative quality. The richness of the content of Browning's poetry and its logical sequence as an expression of his own growth are very clearly brought out by Professor Herford, who shows himself entirely familiar with the substance and with the art of a writer who steadily gains the attention of the most thoughtful lovers of English poetry. The book is far removed from those philosophical treatises which have been called forth by a body of verse singularly vigorous and fertile in thought; it admirably conveys Browning's meaning without losing touch with his dramatic and poetic quality. It recognizes that "incidents in the development of souls" concerned Browning most deeply, and it analyzes clearly the significance of this statement in the preface to "Sordello;" but it avoids the fatal mistake of treating Browning primarily as a philosopher instead of a poet. The insight into his genius, his view of life and his art is both keen and sane, and this study must be ranked with the most intelligent and convincing of the many books on this rich and fertile poetic mind.

Royal Knight (A): A Tale of Nuremberg. By Isabella Macfarlane. The G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. 4½×7½ in. 271 pages. $1.25.

Slaves of Success. By Elliott Flower. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 304 pages. $1.50.

This book is a study in American politics. The same group of characters is encountered repeatedly, although each of the semi-detached chapters tells its own story, emphasizing cleverly a special type of politician, "grafter," or spoilsman.

Social Progress: A Year-Book and Encyclopedia of Economic, Industrial, Social, and Religious Statistics, 1905. Josiah Strong, Editor. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 349 pages. $1, net.

The reception given to the trial volume of this manual last year constituted a call for a year-book of that sort, reporting changes and progress of social conditions. A clear improvement is made by the present volume upon its predecessor. The variety and fullness of its statistics, the wide range of its contributed articles on special topics, its directories, its bibliography, make it a valuable addition to the list of handy reference-books. From public baths to legislatures, home and foreign, from church endowments to strikes and lockouts, from the army and navy to missionary societies, there are few if any subjects of social importance upon which students, writers, and speakers will not desire to consult it.

Soul-Winning Church (The). By Rev. Len. G. Broughton, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 126 pages. 50c., net.

Dr. Broughton, of Atlanta, is a well-known revivalist. Some of his most effective addresses in this country and in England are comprised in this volume. They are plain, pungent, and spiritually quickening, though blended with archaic matter that is intellectually offensive to the educated.

Stories of Great Musicians. By Kathrine Lois Scobey and Olive Brown Horne. Illustrated. (Eclectic Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 189 pages.

Story of the Iliad (The). By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 221 pages. 25c.

Story of the Odyssey. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 232 pages. 25c.

Sunday-School Organization and Methods. By Charles Roads, D.D. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 110 pages. 35c., net.

Tales of France. From the Works of D'Esparbès, Marin, Le Braz, Claretie, and Coppée. Edited by Arnold Guyot Cameron, A.M., Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 351 pages.

Thomas Harrison, Regicide and Major-General. By C. H. Simpkinson, M.A. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 304 pages.

The story of the "Fifth Monarchy Men," the extremists who were so largely responsible for the execution of Charles I., the one obstacle as it seemed to them in the way of the establishment of the "Reign of the Saints," and whose "reign," as embodied in the Barebone Parliament, was suddenly and ingloriously terminated by the Great Protector, constitutes a significant chapter in the history of the Stuart period. It is entertainingly, if somewhat unskillfully, told by Mr. Simpkinson, whose hero was long the dominant factor in that wing of the revolutionary party, and at one time threatened to eclipse even Cromwell. Indeed, had Thomas Harrison but possessed with his deep religious enthusiasm the sturdy common sense of his leader, he too might have gained enduring fame. As it is, he has become to the generality of students of English history little more than a dim memory. Sir George Trevelyan has well reminded us that "it is easy to laugh too much at the Barebone Parliament;" Mr. Simpkinson, for his part, does well to recall our attention to the fact that it is equally easy to underestimate the importance of the rôle played in history by that most active of Barebone Parliamentarians—the zealot Harrison. There can be no doubt that Mr. Simpkinson himself tends to the other extreme. But, even so, his book is a welcome corrective; and in its detailed survey of the manifold movements in which the "Fifth Monarchy" chieftain took part it adds not a little to our understanding of the significance of the Great Rebellion.

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REV. G. A. Strong, Rector of Christ Church, New York City, wishes to secure a position as mother's helper or companion for a young lady of good education and much refinement. Address 213 West 71st St., New York.

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(*For other Want advertisements see seventy page following.*)

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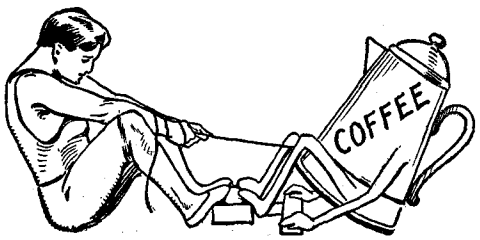

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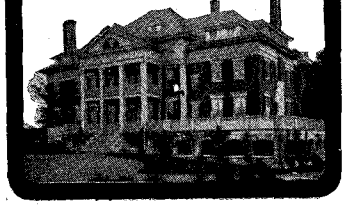

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For rent, fully furnished house; stable; all modern improvements; trolley to station near. Address H. C. FROST, Sound Beach, Conn.

TO RENT WASHINGTON, CONN.—A furnished residence with all modern improvements; 7 bedrooms. Address Mrs. HAMILTON GIBSON.

For Sale at STAMFORD, CONN.

50 minutes out on New Haven road, ¼ mile from depot, a first-class brick residence, 14 rooms, 2 baths, city water, gas, furnace, 3 open fireplaces, lawn and shade; everything in excellent condition. Price $9,000; only $3,000 cash required. Stamford is a city of 25,000 inhabitants, first-class private and public schools, churches, stores, clean streets, and all city conveniences. Many farms and country places with views of the Sound for sale and to rent. CHAS. H. SEELY, 23 West 39th St., New York City.

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In the woods; high elevation; pure air and water; near good farm-house, where table board and teams can be had; great for scenery, quiet, and rest; only ten minutes' walk from Depot, P. O., churches, etc. Write to Box 111, Andover, Conn.

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MAINE

TO LET, FOR SEASON 1905

A Furnished Cottage on Casco Bay

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FOR RENT—TWO COTTAGES AT

Camden, Maine

THE BALSAMS.—Near the water, with fine sea and mountain views; nine bedrooms, bath, toilet on first floor, wide piazza, running water, telephone, electric light; fully furnished with the exception of linen, blankets, and silver. Pier on the place, two minutes' walk from golf and tennis club.

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GEORGE H. TALBOT, Camden, Maine, or
J. B. HAINES
1012 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila.

CASCO BAY, ME.

Furnished cottages on islands and ocean front, at all prices. Send for list. F. S. & E. G. Vaill, Real Estate Agents, Portland, Me.

MAINE

On the Maine Coast

For rent for the summer of 1905, "Breeze Hill," a modern summer cottage at

CAMDEN, MAINE

on high ground, convenient to the village, with fine views of the Camden Hills and the waters and islands of Penobscot Bay; well-appointed Golf and Tennis Club within easy access; living room, dining room, kitchen, eight bedrooms, two bathrooms, laundry, hot and cold water; cellar with furnace; electric lights and telephone; fully furnished for summer life. Address GEORGE H. TALBOT, Real Estate Agent, Camden, Maine.

THE COMING SUMMER RESORT

Camden, Maine

Cottage Rental and Summer Property.
GEO. H. TALBOT
Real Estate Agent Camden, Maine

CAPE ELIZABETH, ME.—To let, season 1905, Furnished Cottage, 11 rooms and bath. All modern conveniences. Commands fine view of Portland Harbor, islands, and ocean. References required. Address No. 5 Woodbury St., So. Portland, Me.

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TO LET for the summer season

Large, beautifully located Cottage

All modern conveniences; commanding an extended view of Portsmouth Harbor and the ocean; eight bedrooms, exclusive of servants' annex; stable accommodations for 3 horses; abundant water supply, excellent boating. Apply to JOHN SISE & Co., Portsmouth, N. H.

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Historic "Bray House" For Sale

300 feet frontage on Portsmouth Harbor; 2 acres; fine harbor and ocean view; boating; near William Dean Howells cottage. BUTLER & MARSHALL, Portsmouth, N. H.

ON THE FIRST MILE OF THE

MAINE COAST

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Cottage, seven rooms, stone fireplace in living room, spring water in kitchen, delightful surroundings, good salmon fishing. Inquire Owen Smith, 690 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Furnished Cottage

At South West Harbor
MT. DESERT, MAINE

For sale or rent for season, two story modern cottage, fine location, thirty rods from beach; 12 rooms, 7 bedrooms, laundry, bath; modern conveniences; about 2 acres of land, including stable. Rent $500 *for season, or four months.* Address immediately

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Small cottage, delightfully secluded location, to rent. N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr., Portland, Me.

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For Sale or Rent—Close to the Atlantic

Between Old Orchard and Biddeford Pool, Maine

Overlooking and convenient to both harbors, with magnificent view of the ocean, a charming cottage, 10 rooms and veranda, in a 100 x 300 ft. lot, with lawn and flower beds; delicious water; in the rear pine grove; barn for horse and carriage. Address Mme. CAPPIANI, 236 W. 55th St., New York.

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All furnished. Little Diamond Island, the most beautiful place in Portland Harbor. Magnificent views of country and city. Warships anchor in front of cottages; fine boating, yachting, fishing, and bathing privileges; within fifteen minutes of city, and electric cars and steamers to all surrounding country and islands. A. M. SMITH, Portland, Me.

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Simpson House, 28 Rooms

mostly furnished; large stable; 30 acres, extending across Owls Head Neck; beautiful woods; splendid views; hills, headlands, coves, beaches; pure water, sanitary plumbing.
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Fine summer or all-year residence, with stable. House, 16 rooms and bath; running water, furnace heat; beautiful lawns and shade trees; 4 acres land; no prettier place in New England. E. M. YATES,
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near York Harbor, two cottages. All improvements. 7,121, The Outlook.

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In Pittsfield, Mass.

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Mansion house with all modern improvements, situated on beautiful wooded eminence with superb views. City water, electric lights, sewer, etc. Fine stable, conservatory, greenhouse, and gardens.

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Bath set tubs; **automobile house;** wide piazzas; one of the best locations on Squam Point. Will be rented for season or for July and August. Apply to
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Near colleges; best locality; 13 rooms, piazza; airy, sunny. By the year. 5,891, Outlook.

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CAPE COD

Furnished house, 12 rooms; stable; four minutes to ocean, fine bathing; trees. $250 season. A. H. MATSON, Harwichport, Mass.

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House and land with 800 feet of beach on Vineyard Sound. 13 acres; stable and cottage on place. Address 24 Milk St., Room 1012, Boston

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A house of 8 rooms, 2 story, piazza and bay window; plenty of good water; stock barn 30 x 40; horse barn, 20 x 30; all buildings new within six years, all slate roof. 100 acres of good land; plenty of fruit, wood and timber enough for the place; a tie lot of 10 acres; ½ mile to depot and church, 80 rods to good school; on free mail and cream routes; fine view of Connecticut River Valley from piazza. Price $4,000. Farms and summer residences of all prices from $600 up. FRED. L. BURNHAM, Real Estate, Greenfield, Mass.

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